

Week ending January 17, 1948

JOHN BULL

LOVELESS MARRIAGES

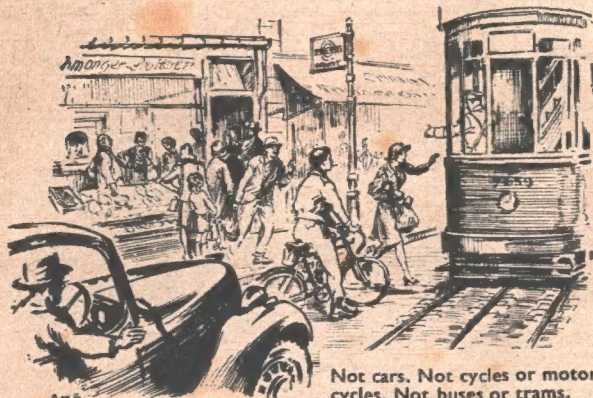
The Cause and the Cure

by Dr. HARVEY GRAHAM

PAGE 6



DO YOU KNOW what kind of traffic has the greatest acceleration?



Not cars. Not cycles or motor-cycles. Not buses or trams. Not even trolley-buses...

PEDESTRIANS — men, women, and children — are an important part of the traffic. Strange as it seems, they have greater initial acceleration — move *faster* for the first yard or so — than anything else on the roads. And they can turn far more quickly.

Not all of us, when we are walking, realize that people on wheels *CAN'T* stop as we can. On wet and greasy roads especially, they can't always swerve or slow down quickly enough to avoid us. We can help by using pedestrian crossings whenever possible, and by walking with extra care when roads are wet.

Good Road Navigation means taking no risks, and causing none. It is a matter for all of us — we are *all* part of the traffic.

Issued by the Ministry of Transport



**LEMON
HART
RUM**

*The
Golden Spirit*

*With Lemon, Orange or Lime
A Winner every time!*

**EASY
TO BUY**



HIRE
PURCHASE
AVAILABLE

**EASY
TO ERECT**

Write for details of strong Sheds and Greenhouses, of heavyweight timber construction, all complete. Available for Cash or on simple Hire Purchase Terms. Delivery free in England and Wales. We regret we cannot accept orders from Scotland.

ROBERT H. HALL & CO. (KENT) LTD.
DEPT. J.B.5, PADDOCK WOOD, KENT
(One of the Austin-Hall Group of Companies)

*Keep your strength up
— the sensible way.*

Hovis

THE BETTER - BALANCED BREAD



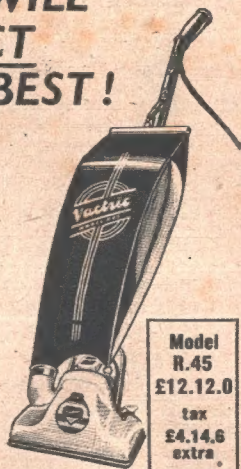
**SHE WILL
EXPECT
THE BEST!**

**GIVE
HER A *Vactric*
THE FINEST 'MAID'**

It may be her knees or her nylons, but you won't catch her bending!

For such low level labour as brushing carpets, she's been used to the finest vacuum cleaner that money can buy, so she will expect a VACTRIC!

VACTRIC LIMITED, 149 REGENT ST., W.1



Model
R.45
£12.12.0
tax
£4.14.6
extra

**The Baker's
Headache**



If you suffer from HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NEURALGIA, NERVE PAINS & SLEEPLESSNESS try Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets yourself at once! Obtainable everywhere.

YEAST-VITE

TONIC TABLETS 1/6 and 3/8

inc. tax.

**APPLES FOR HEALTH - IN
Bulmer's
CIDER**



BY APPOINTMENT - CIDER MAKERS
H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD



For **BEAUTY
PERFORMANCE
and VALUE**



Waterman's Taperite
and Waterman's Inks in 9 beautiful colours

Here's a simple health rule for all the family — Inner Cleanliness with Andrews. First: Andrews refreshes the mouth and cleans the tongue. Next: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets. Then: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness. FINALLY: To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves constipation and purifies the blood.



**Inner
Cleanliness
comes first**

When days are cold
many prefer Andrews with the chill off

ANDREWS

What "Democracy" Means

THE MOST MISUSED WORD of 1947 was "democracy." And it is likely to be overworked and misinterpreted just as much in 1948, unless we do something about it now.

Whatever his methods, almost every ruler and politician except General Franco and Sir Oswald Mosley claims to be acting democratically, using the term as a cloak for any kind of regime from the sloppiest anarchy to the toughest tyranny.

It is high time, therefore, that the word "democracy" was again clearly defined, so that people everywhere may know and agree exactly what it means, and so that no thugs and tyrants can get away with paying mere lip-service to it.

Let us take this precious word, clean the dirt off it and beat the dust out of it. It comes from two old Greek words, *demos*, people, and *kratos*, power. The power of the people. . . .

"Ah!" says the Communist. "That proves that Communism is democratic. It is the rule of the people." But he forgets that a democratic people's power includes the power to choose or change its form of government, and many other rights which Communism denies.

"Ah!" says the extreme right-wing Capitalist. "I am democratic, because I stand for the freedom of the people each to make his own way in the world." But he ignores the objection that economic slavery imposed by a few rich men on masses of poor men is not everybody's idea of freedom.

Somewhere between these two extremes lies the workable compromise of liberty and authority which we British call "democracy."

And when we use the word, it includes, besides the people's right to choose their government by fair election, such other essentials as freedom of thought, speech and assembly, freedom of (and from) religion, freedom from arbitrary arrest and imprisonment, freedom from want and economic slavery, and security for minorities.

That, at least, is what we mean by "democracy." It is our way of life. And it is important that we should be quite clear about it, because if the word itself were once discredited, the idea could so easily get discredited, too.

History at Westminster

PARLIAMENT MEETS AGAIN on Tuesday to begin tackling a list of important and exciting jobs.

Over the debates will hang the shadow of the economic crisis and the uncertainty of effective American aid for Europe, but even the crisis is likely to be pushed into the background by public interest in several vital political issues.

A showdown is coming over the House of Lords. The Government wants merely to limit to one year the power of the Upper House to delay legislation. But the Lords now insist on reforming themselves drastically. They propose to abolish hereditary membership and to level up the main parties. Here is a dramatic page for the history books!

Another dispute of human interest will be over the suggested abolition of hanging.

And bitter controversy is likely on the

nationalisation of iron and steel. The fate of the forthcoming Bill will depend partly on what has happened, meanwhile, to the House of Lords.

In this crucial session of Parliament, watch your own M.P. If he seems to be slacking, or dodging awkward decisions, chase him, write to him, keep him up to the mark. The efficiency of Parliament depends very much on the keenness of electors.

Warn the Profiteers

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS warns us that high—and still rising—prices are endangering the export drive. Unless the prices of many exports are brought down we may have to give up all hope of paying our way by the end of the year.

JOHN BULL has already drawn attention to the damage being done by profiteering manufacturers and exporters who take advantage of the "sellers' market" to force prices up.

Sir Stafford suggests that the remedy is to increase productive efficiency so that more goods are turned out in the same time, and therefore more cheaply. This is a good remedy so far as it goes, which is not far enough. Its only effect on our export trade might be to give the profiteers even more fabulous gains.

Much more drastic and speedier steps are needed. The Chancellor should make it his immediate business to find out just why prices of many exports are unaccountably high.

There should be a thorough investigation into the profits of all exporters. And when it is completed, those guilty of taking more than reasonable profits should be warned that failure to come into line will be countered by the cutting off of raw materials or some other form of control of their activities.

We are too desperately hard up to run the risk of allowing profiteers to sabotage the export drive on which our national survival depends.

Look to the Land

IF YOU ARE WONDERING where and how to go for a holiday this austere year, why not decide to be a harvest volunteer?

You may say, "Yes, that's all very well, but for the last ten years we have been pestered to volunteer for this, that, or the other. Why should we go again?"

The answer is that never before has the need been so great. Tom Williams, the Minister of Agriculture, has the best case a man ever had for asking people to spend next summer's holiday on the farms. He should be starting now to shout it from the housetops. He should remember that most people still do not know how desperate our harvest manpower shortage is going to be—or what a good proposition a holiday on the land can be.

The Government hopes to bring in 53,000 foreign labourers and to get 20,000 former farm workers back to the land.

But even if every manpower target is reached, the farms will still be short-handed compared with 1947, with bigger crops to lift. The labour gap has got to be filled, and it can be filled only by volunteers. So at least 200,000 grown-ups and a lot more school-children are needed in the harvest camps.

Tell the people, Tom Williams, and you will get those volunteers!



"We're turning them out as hard as we can go" they say at the ACME factory

So if you haven't yet got your new Acme, Mrs. Jones—it's because of those six years that have to be made up—and because materials are still a bit of a headache. You know steel and all the things we workers use to make the Acme the hundred per cent. grand wringer it is. What we're doing too is to see that every part of the country—from the largest town to the smallest village—gets a fair share. We people who make Acmes know just how good they are. So don't be put off with a second best—wait for an Acme!

Obtainable only from Ironmongers, Hardware Stores and Housefurnishers

ACME WRINGERS LTD · DAVID STREET · GLASGOW S.E.



"Oh, Blow! I suppose she couldn't get Persil"

Millions of housewives know from actual experience that there's no white out all the hidden dirt. Whites washed like Persil-white. Those active, but gentle, oxygen-charged suds go right into the weave of the fabric and coax out all the hidden dirt. Whites washed with Persil are whiter simply because they're clean through and through

PERSIL WASHES WHITER

Still at pre-war prices!
the latest types of Hoover Cleaner

SAVE yourself hours of back-aching drudgery. Keep your carpets and the rest of your home cleaner than ever before. You can do both by buying a Hoover Cleaner. Hoover quality and efficiency are higher than ever — yet except for purchase tax, *prices are still pre-war*. Supplies are limited, so to ensure early delivery, see your Authorised Hoover Dealer now. There is a Hoover Cleaner for every size and type of home.

Prices from £10. 10. 0 to £20. 8. 0 (plus purchase tax)

The HOOVER
 REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

HOOVER LIMITED PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX

'Toilet tissue is a thing I always ask for by name'

Probably nobody is quicker to recognise good quality than the housewife. That's why, when it's a question of buying toilet tissue, so many insist on Velvex, the fine quality paper in the smart wrapping. In packets or rolls.

VELVEX
 TOILET TISSUE
 VELVET CREPE PAPER CO., LTD.

PUFFED BE BLOWED! I HAD QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST

Quaker Puffed Wheat is a deliciously light, digestible breakfast—whole-wheat grains puffed to appetising crispness, full of energy and nourishment; quick, *satisfying*. 3 points. 7½d. a packet. 16 generous helpings.

A QUAKER PRODUCT

I'm on my toes now—

SPRATT'S CONDITION POWDERS
 Price: 7½d. packet

SPRATT'S DOG MEDICINES

★ ONE OF THE RANGE OF

Spratt's range of Medicines includes:—
 ★ Condition Powders; Worm Powders and Worm Remedies; Fits Tablets; Stomach Tablets (for Travel Sickness, etc.); Yeast Tablets.
 Spratt's Toilet Preparations include:—Soapless Shampoo; Dry Cleaning Powder; and Flea and Insect Powder (incorporating Gammexane).

NO SECRETS!
 THE FORMULA IS ON EVERY SPRATT'S MEDICINE.

Spratt's Patent Ltd., Bow Rd., London, E3

MR. DIP THE DYER says

Tintex

for expert results in Home Dyeing.

Your most obedient servant through thick and thin

the Summit pen

A Summit Pen is a lovely, long-lasting possession. Easily it rests in the hand. Proudly it sits in the pocket. Its nib is of gold—none better—and the flow is always sure, always steady. **MADE IN ENGLAND**

Christopher Stone says
"Ask your Dealer about bi-focal tone. It is a really amazing improvement in reproduction due to a new circuit exclusive to Bush."

BUSH BI-FOCAL TONE

MODEL AC2
 PRICE 26 GNS.
 List £20. 12. 4 Tax £6. 13. 8

Bush Radio Ltd., Power Road, Chiswick, W.4.

Get Mecca PASTILLES

for **COUGHS and COLDS**

1/8 INCLUDING PUR TAX

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ

Nescafé, Nestlé's soluble coffee product, is easy to make—hard to get. But when you do "catch the bus" with Nescafé—what a grand cup of coffee you'll enjoy!

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

TO HELP PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET AGAIN...

10 Drops of Phosferine
 equal 2 Tablets

PHOSFERINE
 Tablets or Liquid
 1/6 and 3/8
 Inc. Purchase Tax

If you lack "go", if you tire easily and find you are taking a back seat because you lack self-confidence, give Phosferine a trial! On Phosferine you'll find a new appetite, you'll counter the wear and tear of life with less sense of strain, and build up resistance to illness. Try this grand tonic now! The dose? Ten drops or two Tablets—before meals. You soon begin to build up strength on Phosferine.

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

for Depression, Debility, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, and after Influenza

FLAG SAUCE

of course

£4700 in benefits for less than £50 outlay

(An actual claim payable under a Pearl "Family First" Policy.)

EXAMPLE OF BENEFITS
 for your family in the event of your death
WITHIN THE FIRST 25 YEARS
 Annual income (for the remainder of the 25 years) £150
PLUS
 Immediate cash payment £1,000 and bonuses
AT DEATH AFTER 25 YEARS
 Immediate cash payment £1,000 and bonuses

PEARL "FAMILY FIRST" POLICY

To PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
 Please supply full particulars of your "FAMILY FIRST" Policy.

ENQUIRY FORM

Name (Mr. or Mrs.)
 Address
 Id. Stamp only if envelope unsealed
 J.B.82 (17.1.48)

Age next Birthday.....



As coal output rises and Shinwell, without fuss or "cusses," gets down to his new War Office job, his critics revise their views. Extract (right) is from Cross-Bencher's *Sunday Express* column; Low's cartoon is reproduced by permission of the *Evening Standard*

Mr. Shinwell
 ☆ M.P.s are interested in the changed demeanour of Mr. Shinwell. Gone is the braggadocio and arrogance of the Minister of Fuel. In its place is the modest helpfulness of the Secretary of State for War. In everything that is asked of him, all is sweet reasonableness. The reason? Mr. Shinwell knows that he is on trial. Mr. Attlee put him there in the expectation that he would provide cause for final dismissal. Shinwell is far too clever to fall into the trap. And he has the satisfaction of seeing his coal policy bear fruit. In his "demotion," he carries himself with dignity and, whatever cusses may be muttered under his breath, appears not to care two hoots.

BEHIND THAT "TINKER'S CUSS"

by CLAUD MORRIS

WHEN I ASKED SOMEONE high up in the Labour Party the other day, "Who are your men of the future?" he replied, "Well, certainly, not Manny Shinwell." But Shinwell himself may have to be consulted on that point before it becomes official.

Shinwell is a man who so far has just missed greatness. He has hungered for it, he has fought for it. All the qualities of great leadership are there in abundance. His name is a household word. His future excites controversy. But he has one failing which a great statesman cannot afford. *He talks too much.*

Now that the storm of attacks has died down, we may at last consider calmly and squarely this and other reasons why Shinwell went.

When Attlee decided to pluck him out of his seat at the Ministry of Fuel and Power and throw him over to the brass hats of the War Office, the Premier's hand shook somewhat.

All through the summer Attlee had opened his morning paper, waiting to see whether another of Shinwell's classic bricks would come hurtling through the headlines. Shinwell had already enraged half the population by shouting at the top of his voice that he did not care a tinker's cuss. What would be the next blunder? The strain was much too much for the Premier. He had to act. And he reluctantly kicked out of the Ministry of Fuel a man who had not only got the coal from the belly of the earth, but had mined gold, too, from the heart of the mass of the miners.

To the rest of the country Shinwell might be the sinner who got popularly cussed for everybody's troubles at the time of crisis, but to the miners

he was the saint who put over a sticky job of nationalisation and stuck by the ordinary chap through thick and thin.

Shinwell realized one thing few men thought about. Only by sticking by the men at the pit face so that they knew him as their greatest ally would he get coal. And that he did superbly well. The fact that he made a mess of his own public relations with the coal consumers was a pity.

I suppose that, among the miners, he was the most popular Minister they had ever had dealings with. I have stood in their halls and watched hefty great men crying with emotion as he talked. Shinwell was no Socialist intellectual. He has said himself: "I don't give a hoot for doctrines!" He is a Socialist by condition—by close experience of the working man—and not by conversion.

His Enemies Were Gleeful

Yet the chopper came down on his head. There were hoots of glee from those who wanted to draw his teeth. Not a word so far as I know has yet been said in his defence. The bad boy of the British Government had suffered for his misdeeds. His first temptation when he had to quit was to go straight back into the House as an ordinary M.P. Friends pleaded with him to stay in office. Shinwell is always a good Labour man if not always a good party man. He can be tactless, outspoken, but never disloyal. So stay he did.

Now the whisperers of Whitehall, furtive wide-

mouthed gentlemen, many of them without one-hundredth part of Shinwell's record of service to the community, without a tenth of his personal guts, are saying that within six months Shinwell could easily lose his present job. How? *By talking too much.*

I say that he could as easily lose his present job as he could gain a new, even greater job. The strange destiny of Shinwell has not yet left him, although, true, he has lost one race through a bit of careless horsemanship.

Time does strange things. It can be as capricious as a roulette wheel. To pick the opening chapter in the intense and lonely life of Shinwell, to get at the psychology behind the tinker's cuss, you have to turn to George Square, Glasgow, on a windy afternoon in 1919. Thirty steel-helmeted policemen were beating their way with truncheons through a mob. Bottles were being pitched, tram-cars overturned, heads broken.

In the middle of the mob stood a dark, acidulous and jeering man on a box. Finally they reached him and seized him. As they got him down his last words screeched defiantly over the heads of the crowd: "I do not care. . . ."

The sentence of five months in jail for "inciting a riot" was the first but not the last setback in the career of Shinwell, union agitator.

His campaign then was for a forty-hour week. He was one of this country's main fighters for that reform. It took him twenty-eight years before he could enforce it in the mines, but enforced it was.

By 1921 his destiny threw him into the House of Commons. What brings a man like this to Westminster? Disraeli once enraged an elderly opponent

The Minister who was thrown out of a job in which his planning has since been vindicated by the rising coal output. The man who, had he been less of a stormy petrel politically, might today have been right at the very top instead of still being "on trial." The man

who talks too much and sometimes indiscreetly ("tinker's cuss" and all that). A sincere champion of the workers, a capable administrator. What is there in the personality and career of Emanuel Shinwell that makes him an enigma among Ministers? And what is his future?

by tapping him on the shoulder in the lobby and remarking: "You and I know what brings us both here—ambition."

Personal ambition played its part in setting Shinwell on the slippery slopes to political fame. But he was never a political eel. He remained consistent. He began to build up for himself a tremendous record of fighting the battles of ordinary folk who had never before had a square deal.

By 1930 he was in the Government as Financial Secretary to the War Office. In defiance of all the brasshats he pursued a policy of disarmament. People began to look on him with renewed interest. Here was no ordinary Clydeside rebel. If he could have controlled himself at that point Shinwell, and not Attlee, might have been future leader of the Labour Party.

Unfortunately he was a stormy colleague. He crossed swords with Ernest Bevin, then a union leader. He defied Herbert Morrison. He never could be a good Party boy.

"I Don't Care . . ."

He was just as blunt outside the counsels of his Government as behind the Cabinet doors. In 1930 the voice of Shinwell rang across the country. Subject: disarmament. "These gents know my views. The generals and the military experts may be indignant, *but I don't care.* . . ."

That was Manny's old trouble again. He talked too much. He is a poor team man. No threat or lure can induce him to trim his sails. Expediency does not always commend itself. Once, when a Tory Member called him by an unpleasant name, Shinwell crossed the floor of the House and clapped him one on the jaw that put him in bed for four days. You see what I mean?

It is said—as an instance of his continuing tactic of "frankness"—that on the Coal Board, last year, not all the members liked the effusive Mr. Shinwell. One threatened to resign. Shinwell sprang up from his seat. "Get back into your chair," he bellowed. "No man is quitting this job!"

It is said that in the Cabinet Shinwell opposed the American loan. He had the working man's approach to finance. He hated the thought of a dollar dole. He hated the claws of a reactionary U.S.A. digging into Britain. He disliked the way the money (when we got it) was spent. He believed Britain could stand on her own two feet. His views—as he so forcibly puts them, his eye transfixing his opponents, his hand chopping the air before him—did not make him popular with either Dalton or Cripps.

It is said that he was always accusing Cripps of exporting mining machinery—and mincing no words about it.

It is said that it took him five weeks to convince Cabinet colleagues of the wisdom of the new overtime arrangements for miners. Faced by that remorseless talking machine, they gave in.

Yes—an exasperating colleague, a maddening master, but today the vast increase in coal production is attributed to the fact that the miners got their overtime rates.

Easily Provoked

From 1940 to 1945 Shinwell stood his ground as a bitter voice in opposition. He never doubted the Labour Party's victory in 1945. At a time when most of the present-day political leaders had to abstain from political fighting, Shinwell fought their battles for them.

In 1945 he and I sat down to lunch together when he had been appointed Minister of Fuel. "They have given me the dirtiest job," he said. But his administrative achievements were useful enough. The trouble was that the man who had once been the prince of critics paid too much attention to snipers at his own rear. At meetings he could still be stung into heated replies to political arguments, which eager reporters seized upon.

Shinwell has seemed almost incapable of remembering that he is no longer fighting his way upward. He doesn't see that a battering ram which

has smashed its way through a wall can make itself look ridiculous—and dangerous—if it continues to use equal force in open country. He should think once again of something he said in a speech in 1945: "Do not waste time looking backwards to a dead and dreary past. This is the time for laying bricks, not throwing them."

Shinwell is one of the great impromptu speakers of the century. He carries not a note. He says rapidly what comes into his quick brain. He is outspoken. And he can suddenly disarm his listeners with a wide and spontaneous smile. Yet next morning Shinwell will be as amazed as the average newspaper reader to see the cold-print version of what he said so disarmingly on the platform. The habit of not using notes can have grave disadvantages for a public figure. To cap it all, Shinwell has been liable to go off the deep end and do himself yet more harm by attacking the journalists who report his speech.

That is stupid. It is time, of course, that he learned better. The profession of journalism is a hard, even ruthless one. No tears ever flow in Fleet Street. But my colleagues, the good and the bad, are as free from corruption as any group of professional men in the country. They are, I am convinced, considerably more honourable than most politicians, who have in their time proved to be very poor pals indeed to go tiger-shooting with.

Last, but not least, of Shinwell's defects is that his speeches give the impression of an embittered man. His bitter phrase about the tinker's cuss cost him the job into which he had poured his heart and mind for two long years. But remember that Shinwell has lived through a bitter past, and it has not improved his manners.

He's Full of Plans

Enough of the chinks in the Shinwell armour. What is now to happen to this amazing man? You cannot dispose of him by disapproval. It is like disapproving of a whirlwind.

The other day I saw him in the War Office. He emitted confidence as the sun emits heat. Now, at sixty-three, there he sits with a new job, facing a new challenge. He is full of plans. Not for a moment can he relax his fight for better conditions for the ordinary man. Take away the coalminer from him with one hand, and Shinwell reaches out for the soldier. He is full of tremendous schemes for reforming, educating and feeding the army. Better barracks, married quarters, food. What an opportunity to get boys of all classes to mix together during conscription and come out better men ready for the battle of life! That is the way the Shinwell mind runs.

Like a lot of people, I'm prejudiced about Emanuel Shinwell and his plans. Unlike most others who are prejudiced about him, I know the man. I have had his sharp voice in my ear and his arm linked in mine.

In 1931, when the fortunes of the Labour Party were at their lowest ebb, Emanuel Shinwell was out of Parliament and out of a job. He was offered "something in the city" at a good salary. Instead he tramped the streets and lanes of Britain, a lone crusader, speaking to often heedless crowds, living on the few pounds a week which a defeated Labour Party could afford to pay him. He was inspired then, not by the big I, but by the big Idea.

That was a great job, well done. In 1948 Shinwell has another great job to do at the War Office. But not only a programme of reform. I would like, for instance, to see Shinwell won over to the idea that the only defence in atomic war is to pluck the seeds of aggression from the mind of a would-be aggressor.

If I had to think of another task worthy of E. Shinwell, M.P., I would send that blunt speaker and remorseless agitator to Moscow as British Ambassador one day. It would be a job not too small for his talents. He has the kind of mind that leaps straight to the point and understands the Russians. He would himself have been a great success there had he been born Russian.

LOVELESS



Sex failure in marriage is one reason for soaring divorce figures. Even when divorce is avoided, unhappy relations between husband and wife are far too common, as letters in John Bull recently testified. Here is a medical summing-up which points to the remedies

NINE OUT OF EVERY TEN divorces mark the failure of either sex knowledge or sex technique. There are many labels—mental cruelty, desertion, infidelity, incompatibility. But nine times out of ten they camouflage a failure in sex relations, a failure arising in the first place from ignorance or from fear.

In recent years divorce has been made easier and more rapid. The unhappy probability that one out of six marriages will end in the divorce court is accepted.

On this assumption it seems rational and humane to ensure so far as possible that couples whose marriages have failed should be able to abandon the married state easily, quickly, and even cheaply. But this is rather like streamlining the exit from the stable some years after the horses have left.

The real problem has hardly been faced. Family

MARRIAGES—the cause and the cure



Lord Chancellor Jowitt with wife and daughter. He has laid down real family aim of marriage

doctors know a great deal about it, but they are rarely consulted. Many good general practitioners have saved scores of marriages from shipwreck, but often only when something quite irrelevant has led to a consultation.

The sexual function is just as important as any other function in man, though it develops last. For too long the discussion or mention of sex was taboo. Repression was the order of the day and sex frustration was its inevitable corollary. Then the pendulum swung perhaps too far in the other direction. Sex—in capital letters—became an obsession. Now at last we seem to be reaching—though very slowly—a more sane and balanced perspective.

Complete repression is unnatural and harmful and so is overstimulation. In sex relations, as with every other natural function, the right course is a reasonable middle way between the two extremes.

The complete love which is the basis of family life and parenthood must have a sexual component. But sexual love is no more and equally no less important than the community of mind and spirit and the companionship on which a happy marriage must be based.

Few young couples rush into marriage without getting to know each other's homes and families. An engagement allows them to learn a great deal more about each other. Then they are married and expect to live happily ever after. Most of them do. But one couple in every six fails completely and one other couple falls far short of success but

prefers to carry on—because of the children or what the neighbours would say.

And these breakdowns and partial breakdowns all come back to sex ignorance and sex fears.

Sex ignorance may range from a complete and fantastic lack of information to a hotch-potch of old wives' tales. I remember one young woman who had been married three years and wanted a child. So did her husband. Her failure to conceive was making them both unhappy and irritable. Their marriage was in danger. She consulted me to find out "if there was anything wrong" with her.

It took a little time to get the story straight. She and her husband had been brought up strictly and were both intensely religious. Every night since their marriage they had prayed together, asking for a child. Then they kissed each other good night and slept in their separate rooms. All they knew about sex was that it was sinful and to be shunned. Obviously it could have nothing to do with anything so wonderful as a child.

At the opposite end of the scale was a woman who was very young to be pregnant for the fourth time. She and her husband did not want another child. They could not afford another child. She assured me that she could not be pregnant again—because her last baby was not yet nine months old.

Education Should Start Early

Cases such as these are common. They point to the need for early sex education. This should be given at first in the home and then at school. It should never be given in isolation—which helps to keep fresh all the old taboos—but as part of a logical sequence, beginning with nature study and elementary biology and going on to animal and human sex physiology.

Even more common are the cases, familiar to every doctor, in which the ordinary "facts of life" are known and accepted too simply. Sex relations begin and continue at the lowest and most inexperienced level. The husband achieves a brief and unsatisfactory "satisfaction." The wife is perpetually and increasingly frustrated and irritated. She develops a protective backache and a hardly suppressed hatred for sex relations. Neither she nor her husband realizes that his ineptitude and ignorance is the real cause of their troubles.

There are many miserable possibilities arising from this all-too-common situation. Some husbands seek solace from the paid experts who can at least simulate passion. Others find the "other woman" and the stage is set for divorce. The unfortunate wife is regarded as "frigid."

Sexologists argued about female frigidity for a long time. Some authorities said that twenty per cent of all women were sexually frigid; some said fifty per cent; some put it as high as eighty per cent. The real answer is that women who are completely frigid are as rare as men who are completely impotent.

Men and Women: a Difference

There are, however, millions of women whose potentially normal sexual responses have never been awakened. What is rarely taught and seldom realized is that too often, in her relations with her husband, the woman gets nowhere near the peak of happiness she should reach. The sexual rhythm in women develops relatively slowly, much more slowly than in men.

This physiological difference can be overcome easily in a number of ways. It requires only a little care and a little patience, which is amply repaid. For full happiness in married love there should always be a prelude. This may be an elaboration of a dinner and a cinema together, or may be merely going companionably to bed. Then there

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

should be the mutual love-play which the man too often cuts short, sometimes because wives forget that husbands respond more quickly than they do. A longer period of love-play often makes all the difference to a wife who can become as ardent as her husband but who is much more slowly aroused.

The key rule is this: physical lovemaking should begin only when the wife is completely ready. Any earlier start at best denies her complete satisfaction, and at worst is a sort of legalized rape.

Thousands of happily married people have found out all this for themselves. They know the happiness and the full satisfaction that only follows the giving of complete satisfaction. And thousands of unhappily married people have been divorced because they never knew that patience and loving care were more necessary in this fundamental aspect of marriage than anywhere else.

The twin fears that inhibit sex relations most commonly, that prevent full satisfaction, and that jeopardize what might be happy marriages are fear of pregnancy and fear of childbirth.

Much of the sting could be taken out of the fear of childbirth by an administrative widening of the known facilities for painless birth. Far too many women still bear their children without any form of anaesthesia. There are a score of methods by which babies can be brought into the world without their mothers knowing very much about it. They are still applied too infrequently.

A full knowledge of birth control is the answer to fear of conception and pregnancy. This knowledge is not freely available everywhere as it should be. Only a few enlightened local authorities have set up special clinics to make known the most suitable methods and techniques. Scientific birth control became possible early in this century but it is only within the last few weeks that it has received legal acceptance as a normal part of marriage.

The Case for Birth Control

In his recent remarkable judgment Lord Chancellor Jowitt made it clear for the first time that in the eyes of the Law Lords the procreation of children is not the only aim of marriage. The real aim is the bringing up of healthy children in a wholesome happy home. Where there are too many children they cannot be cherished as they should be and economic and other difficulties soon make the home unhappy and unwholesome.

Sane family planning, which can be achieved most easily by simple birth control measures, is the solution to this problem. Then there can be sexual happiness and as many children as can be given all the advantages their parents want for them—but no more.

Lord Jowitt was delivering judgment on an appeal in a divorce case. The divorce courts would be less crowded if four essentials could be rapidly fulfilled.

Early sex education should begin in the home, as Anne Blythe pointed out recently in JOHN BULL (December 13), and continue at school and after.

Advice on sex problems should be more freely available.

There should be a birth control clinic in every town giving freely to all who apply there advice and guidance on family planning.

And finally, no woman should ever have to know the worst pains of labour.

The knowledge required to implement all four of these suggestions already exists. But its wider application to the promotion of married happiness will only be brought about by the force of an enlightened public opinion.

INSTRUMENT OF DARKNESS

by ANTHONY FENWICK

ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. WHITEAR

He had reached the English town on his mission that would shake the world. It seemed plain sailing now

AS THE AIRCRAFT lifted its nose slightly and wallowed round in a slow circle, the man sitting on the parachute felt his body pressed into the hard ribbed steel of the fuselage. His knees shook a little; he knew he was close to the moment for which he had been waiting through the last six months.

It was not a very good aircraft. Months after the war had finished in Europe, it had been built up of spare parts filched from dumps in a quiet place where no enemy nose was likely to be poked.

There was very little comfort inside the bare, dimly lit interior. Where there should have been a door was just a black, rectangular hole, through which the icy wind had howled throughout the flight. The man glanced at the hole, and quickly away again. Through it he would soon go headlong into the blackness.

The door from the pilot's compartment opened, and a man in a black leather coat and flying helmet came out. The passenger tensed; this was Rudolf—in the Group he was second only to the Leader himself. During the war Rudolf had been an aviator. After the collapse he had gone underground; when the "Avenge Hitler" movement planned this, its first major action, he had been the natural choice for pilot.

Now he had left Graf, the navigator, at the controls in order to attend to the last details. Bracing himself against the lurch of the aircraft, he held out a flat leather case with a detachable sling. The passenger took it and hung it round him, over the parachute harness. Rudolf shook his hand quickly and pointed towards the hole in the fuselage.

Clumsily, the passenger lurched over, and stood for a moment, bracing himself. With a sudden gleam of contempt Rudolf leant forward and shoved.

Outraged, the man opened his mouth to shout a protest, but the furious buffeting of the wind tore the sound from him. For a few seconds he was bewildered by the violence of the night, then he collected his senses and pulled the ripcord.

Falling under a parachute canopy is a curious experience, even in daylight. At night it becomes eerie. Time lost its value as he thought, almost dreamily, of what he would find when he landed.

He had gone to school in England, and had been for a short time at Cambridge, but he had not been there since before



He stopped short. There was the general handling the Mauser

the war. Would things be much altered?

Abruptly, he felt, rather than saw, a change in the character of the darkness. He braced himself for the landing and instantly it was upon him. He managed it well, and in a few minutes had gathered in the shroud-lines and unclipped the harness.

Panting a little with exertion and reaction, he pulled a flashlamp from its place on his belt, and shone it about cautiously. There was a slight mist, but he could see that the land on which he stood was well-suited to his purpose.

The ground was soft and broken, dotted with large bushes. Carrying the parachute, he stumbled over the rough grass to the largest one. There he rolled the fabric into a tight bundle and thrust it out of sight among the twisted roots.

He then took off the flat pack he carried, and the light waterproof combination suit which was his outer clothing. They followed the parachute into hiding. From the pack, he had taken a small suitcase and a much-worn mackintosh.

He was now dressed in flannel trousers, tweed jacket and heavy brogue shoes. In his pocket was English money and an identity card. This gave his name as Arnold Henry Colman, and an address in a part of London in which he had once lived.

Pausing a moment to rest, he pulled

out the packet of English cigarettes they had given him, and lit one with an English match. Heaven knew where Rudolf had got them—from the same place as the identity card, he supposed, and the beautiful thing in the leather case which had been handed to him at the last moment. This, with its sling discarded, looked like an ordinary brief case.

He knew where he was to within a few miles. Graf was an excellent navigator, and had plotted his position precisely on crossing the coast. All he had to do was to walk due south, and in a short while he would strike the road which led to the town—the town where he was to do the thing which would shake the world.

It was just beginning to get light as he struck the road. For another twenty minutes he walked on. Then the sound of wheels on the road made him turn.

Coming up behind him was a policeman on a bicycle. As he passed, the policeman glanced at the walker; a hundred yards up the road he dismounted, and waited. As the pedestrian drew level, the policeman spoke.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning."

"You're out early, sir."

Observant eyes ran over the old

mackintosh and rested speculatively on the attache case.

"Yes, I had a lift from a motorist. He dropped me just down the road at a side-turning, and I walked on, hoping for another lift."

"I see, sir. Which turning would that be now?"

"How do I know?" He spoke irritably, and started to walk on. A mistake. The policeman stiffened.

"Just a moment, sir, if you please. I shall have to ask you to let me look in that bag of yours."

The man paused, then turned and handed over the attache case without a word. Carefully, the policeman felt through the contents and handed it back. His eye fell on the brief case.

"And the other one, please." He held out his hand.

"It contains nothing but private papers."

"I'd like to see it, sir, just the same." He was patient in the awareness of his authority.

Dropping his eyelids to conceal the fury in his eyes, the man took the brief case from under his arm and handed it over, slipping his hand casually into his mackintosh pocket as he did so.

The policeman looked up in surprise as he felt the weight of the case, then he started to fumble with the fastenings. In the mackintosh pocket, fingers slipped the catch on the knife, drew it out, and struck hard at the side of the neck. As the blue-clad figure slumped and fell the other man jumped quickly back and to one side to avoid the blood.

PEOPLE were beginning to stir as he walked into the town. There was a small cafe on the road, and he went in and asked for breakfast.

When he considered it was late enough for people to be up and about, he started to look for some inconspicuous lodging. As soon as that was arranged, he would go and survey the place where the man he had come to kill would be appearing later in the week.

All over the town were brightly coloured posters announcing that he would speak in the town hall as part of a by-election campaign. The man in the mackintosh sneered as he read one, marvelling at the decadence of a system which permitted more than one party to be represented at an election. In his country, under Hitler at least, these things had been better arranged.

Passing on, through a pleasant suburb, he saw a large dilapidated looking house lying well back off the road. A discreet sign affixed to the gate announced coyly that this was the Woodside Guest House.

From his previous experience of the country he knew that this would be just the kind of place he was looking for. It would be run by an elderly spinster who would affect gentility and have a fetish for minding her own business. So long as her guests did not become offensively drunk, or entertain mistresses openly in their apartments, nobody would interfere with them.

The drive was edged with untidy clumps of evergreen and a few under-nourished flowers. He rang the bell in the glass-panelled front door, and waited.

After a pause, the door was opened by a not-quite-so-young woman. Such good looks as she had once possessed were now fading. Her eyes were heavy and her nose slightly red with chronic catarrh. She was dressed in shapeless tweeds which did not enhance her clumsy figure.

The young man standing on the doorstep smiled politely. He had good teeth, and past experience had led him to the belief that he was attractive to women.

"Excuse me," he said, mustering all the charm at his disposal, "but I

Continued on page 12



BUSMAN IN THE TOWN HALL

From the garage he goes to the council meeting. He's one of the men who look after your roads, rates, amenities. So keep in touch

THE BUS DRIVER jumps down from his cabin and glances at the clock across the road. His relief grins. "Just half-past five, Reg," he says. "Bang on time. Got another meeting tonight?"

Driver Reginald Frederick Homeyard nods. "Yes—at quarter-to-six. I'll have to get a move on." Fifteen minutes later, he is sitting on one of the local Urban District Council committees.

That sort of thing happens to Reg Homeyard several times a week. For this Sussex bus driver is also a local councillor, and a Justice of the Peace.

If you want to know how a local council works, study Reg Homeyard. And how many people do know how their local council ticks over? We pay our rates. If anything goes wrong with the garbage collection, or the street lighting, we protest. Maybe we vote at election time. That's about all.

Yet the running of our district council affects our amenities, our pockets, our health. Its concern with purely local affairs is stronger than that of the county councils—though present-day apathy on the part of ratepayers produces a tendency for county councils to take over more and more from the district councils.

Reg Homeyard is on my local council, which covers Haywards Heath, with its two villages of Cuckfield and Lindfield—a small market centre with a population of 15,000. Its councillors number twenty-seven. Its paid staff is about forty.

J. A. Evans, who is both its clerk and accountant, will tell you: "Politics really play very little part in our work. Our councillors tend to work for the benefit of the community without party considerations. The majority are independents. Party politics, of course, play a very much bigger part on larger councils, which are run on the parliamentary system; but not on a district council like ours."

Reg Homeyard's own view is that party politics do count, and he explains why: "An election

campaign is expensive and needs the help of dozens of voluntary workers. A party organization makes it possible for a working man to contest and win an election.

"The ordinary man or woman will go to someone like myself with suggestions, whereas it would be embarrassing to go up to the local squire. The councillor might be their own employer, or maybe their sister is a servant in his house, or their brother is his gardener. They can't help wondering whether a complaint will affect their jobs.

"But they will come up to someone like me and put forward their case. They buttonhole me in the street or come round to my house. That is where you get real democracy coming into the running of your own town."

Builder, Barrister, Grocer

Jack Gubbin, also on the council, is a dairyman. The chairman is on the Stock Exchange. The others include a builder, a former Civil Servant, a dentist, a baker, a barrister, a retired veterinary surgeon, retired bank manager, retired engineer, retired Naval and Army officers, a corn chandler, a grocer, a chartered accountant, a carpenter, a London business executive, a furniture store owner, a former L.C.C. official, a farmer, a retired school-teacher and a housewife. The job is unpaid and it takes up most of their spare time.

Homeyard showed me his diary for the week. A party meeting had occupied Monday evening. On Tuesday he was at a sub-committee meeting of the roads, works and planning committee, which lasted from 5.45 p.m. until 8 p.m. On Wednesday, from 5.45 p.m. until 7.30 p.m., he was on the civil restaurant committee. On Thursday, he was on the parliamentary and law committee from 5.45 p.m. until 7.45 p.m., and then went on his motor cycle over to Crowborough, sixteen miles away, to speak

That expression on the face of Reg Homeyard (standing) usually means he wants to swap duties to attend a council meeting. His bus mates are wary—but generally he gets his swap

at a meeting, arriving home at nearly midnight.

That was all the diary told. It made no mention of the midnight oil burnt studying the dozens of pages of "surveyor's reports," and similar papers preparatory to attending committee meetings.

Auburn-haired, fresh-complexioned Mrs. Homeyard, married for twenty-three years and the mother of two grown-up sons, grimaced when I asked her what she felt about it all.

"Since Reg went on to the council I've scarcely seen him," she said. "He has got something to do even when he is at home. But I believe that what he is doing is really worth while."

Has to Turn Down Overtime

She has to forego many of the extras which a little more money would bring. Reg Homeyard earns exactly five pounds a week for driving a bus. That's his total income, and council work means that he has turn down overtime. He is out of pocket on several other accounts. He has to have a telephone, and a motor cycle to get him about on his duties. He can't claim any expenses for those. He bears the postage on his correspondence.

His bus duties consist of three early turns, three late turns and one rest day. If a late turn clashes with a council or committee meeting, he has to persuade one of his mates to swap with him. This isn't always easy. They are wary of Reg down at the garage when he comes towards them with that now-familiar expression on his face. But he usually manages to get his swap.

He is glad he is on an urban district council. Meetings are always in the evenings. Rural district councils meet during the day, and this means that it is difficult to put up candidates who can't afford to miss a day's work. That is something which is being hotly contested in Parliament; a solution to the difficulties is expected in the new Local Government Bill, under which a councillor will be paid an allowance for loss of earnings.

There are two types of council: county (or county borough) councils, and county district councils. The former decide on major and broader issues; the district councils are responsible for local tasks—the upkeep of roads (except certain main roads), lighting, sewerage, housing, allotments, recreation grounds.

The council's job extends beyond merely routine matters. A new housing estate is some distance from the shops. A member of the housing committee proposes that shopping facilities should be provided. The idea is discussed and endorsed. A new traffic roundabout makes its appearance and a dangerous corner has been improved. Houses are acquired under the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act, and the tenants are lent the money to buy them at a far lower rate of interest than they could otherwise hope to get.

You've probably noticed things like these in your own locality. They don't happen automatically. The council has been at work.

No Chance For Graft

Now and then people seek election because of the kudos attached to being a councillor. But very rarely. They simply don't get elected. Our councils are the most democratic form of local government in the world. Graft is so rare that you can dismiss it from your mind. Committees are so chosen as to exclude councillors whose business interests are involved.

If you grouse about local amenities, it is probably your own fault. Councillors are elected by the community. If you fail to take any interest in council matters, you have really got very little justification for your grumbles.

JOHN K. NEWNHAM

DUKES IN DISTRESS

by TOM CORNWALL

With death duties and the spectre of nationalisation, it's a gloomy future for dukes. But they manage to scrape along. Only four have incomes under £20,000

MY GRANDFATHER, LIKE ALL poor men, had few ambitions. We lived in the Duchy of Cornwall. Our local station had one distinction. Splendidly dressed parties of noblemen sometimes got out of the Cornish Riviera Express to visit the nearby castle of Lord St. Levan.

On one such occasion, my grandfather stood there, making himself almost invisible with a fog of smoke from his clay pipe, grimy in the overalls of a G.W.R. platelayer, his eyes focused on a man bigger than the rest, broader, more handsome.

The man was surrounded by five attendants, all yes-sirring, no-sirring, and bowing. A carpet was laid from the carriage door to the waiting limousine. "That," said an onlooker in an awed voice, "is the Duke of Portland."

"Good heavens!" said my grandfather, looking the great man up and down. "If I could only live like a duke for a day!"

It remained a favourite comment of his. In those days a duke was a duke. The old Duke of Portland had a skating rink for his housemaids, a riding

school lit by 4,000 gas jets, a ballroom 160 feet long.

The old ducal atmosphere needed no justification. The world then accepted the dukes much as it accepted the scenery. The dukes set the pace for gracious living. The world was full of carbon copies of their style and manners. A dinner dance was an affair for two hundred people. Some, like the Duke of Westminster, held dances which overflowed in four great houses in two Mayfair streets.

Where are the dukes today? Certainly, most of them polished up the eight gold strawberry leaves in their coronets for the Royal Wedding. When Elizabeth's coach went rolling down the Mall people wondered who some of the folk were in the motor cars that followed at a respectful distance.

But few recognized even the Duke of Norfolk, the quiet, unassuming little man who, as Earl Marshal of England, was, in fact, the producer of the whole show. As Earl Marshal he gets £20 a year, in return for which he arranges State processions, royal marriages, funerals and coronations. The last coronation cost him £4,000 out of his own pocket. Elizabeth's austerity wedding was a good deal cheaper for Norfolk, but, whatever the length of the bill, he can afford it. His father left him £17,000,000.

Yet, seventeen million quid and all, the duke doesn't live like he used to. His favourite mode of transport now is, not a royal coach, not a Rolls-Royce, not a Bentley, but a bicycle.

When I went down to have lunch with the Duke of Sutherland near Guildford, I found him busy with his many enterprises. He follows the "modern" trend in dairy farming, has a first-rate business mind. His wife is one of the prettiest of all the duchesses.

Takes Paying Guests

As a contrast, any explorer into the land of the long-lost dukes can step on the Underground tomorrow morning at Piccadilly, get out at St. John's Wood, walk up to 89 Hamilton Terrace, and in the drawing-room he will find Edward Fitzgerald, seventh Duke of Leinster. Today the Duke of Leinster, heir of a noble line, takes paying guests into his home for a few pounds a week.

The misfortunes of Leinster make only one chapter in the greater misfortunes of England's dukes. He was the youngest of three sons, and, thinking it unlikely he would come into the dukedom, he sold his interests in the Leinster estates for £67,000 and an annuity of £1,000 a year. It seemed good business at the time, but unexpectedly his brothers died and he inherited the title. Today

he should have an income of £45,000 a year. Instead he finds himself entitled to wear the mantle without the lands and fortune to go with it.

A duke's prime inheritance had always been security. Kings might pass, empires fade, paper fortunes vanish, but the landed wealth of the duke remained. Today, he can no longer be sure. His income is taxed nineteen shillings in the pound. When the Duke of Norfolk's mother died he sold one-third of Everingham Estate in Yorkshire to pay the £50,000 in death duties.

And even if part of the estate is saved, it costs two-thirds of the gross rentals just to keep the place ship-shape and running.

There are twenty-six dukes left in the land. They still have a combined wealth of over £50,000,000. Only four have incomes of less than £20,000 a year, and half of them are millionaires. They own over 1,170,000 acres of British soil, but the ghost of land nationalisation lurks around the corner. The estates and park lands are falling into decay. In their big barns of houses, many of them live in a single room, keeping the rest of the place in shrouds like a furniture depository.

Some try to give away their money to charity. A duke with an income of £20,000 a year could make a nominal contribution to charity of £1,000 a year at the expense of only £25 to himself. As a result, the Treasury found it was losing one and a quarter millions a year, and unkind Mr. Dalton stepped in. "It is ridiculous," he said, "that a man should have the kudos of contributing £1,000 a year to some charity when, in fact, the Treasury—that is, the rest of the nation—finds 19s. 6d. in every pound for the contribution."

Sooner be a Mister

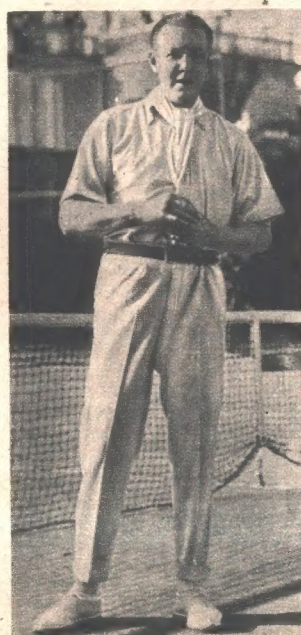
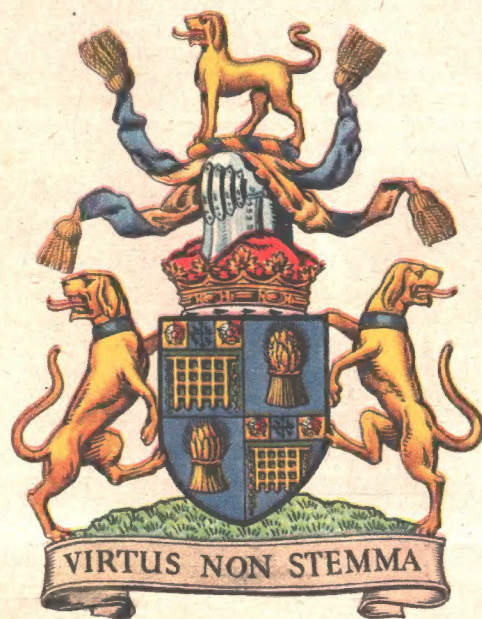
And so the dukes are becoming increasingly modest. There is the Duke of Atholl, who declines to use his title, will not live in any of the homes associated with his dukedom, parade his ducal army, or call on the pipers to play for him.

"All I want," he says, "is a few acres and my own car. I am more interested in the rank and file of the community. If I called myself the Duke of Atholl I should only have to engage a secretary and sign a large amount of correspondence. I prefer to sign myself, as I have always done, John Stewart Murray."

I saw the Duke of Bedford stalking into the House of Lords the other day dressed in a shiny blue serge suit and a rat-catcher hat. The policeman at the door didn't recognize him. Bedford's



Norfolk was left seventeen million pounds, arranges all State processions. Family crest: *Virtue alone is Unconquerable*



The second Duke of Westminster. His ancestor, Tom Grosvenor, married the heiress to Ebury Farm in 1667. It brought in four shillings a year. Today, the farm is Mayfair, the rent twenty million pounds. Family crest: *Virtue, not Ancestry*



Duke of Argyll rides a bike, lays bricks, helped his stonemasons build a belfry, where he rings the bells every Sunday. Family name, Campbell; crest: *Forget Not*.



father kept sixty rooms permanently prepared for guests. When he dined, he was waited on by a butler and six footmen. He had a special armoured train to visit the wild animals in his private zoo. In his great parklands he kept a herd of llamas, and around the park were posted sentries in green uniforms and cockaded hats, who kept the animals in and the visitors out.

The present duke lives alone. As owner of Bloomsbury's boarding house squares and streets, he fights a perpetual guerilla war of litigation against the Holborn Borough Council, which wants to take away more of his rights and open the squares to children. He grumbles that owing to taxation his income is a quarter of that enjoyed by his father.

Prefers a Bicycle

If you visit yet another, the Duke of Argyll in Scotland, you'll probably find him doing a bit of local bricklaying. He helped his stonemasons build a belfry where he himself rings the bells every Sunday. No motor cars for him, either. Like Norfolk, he prefers a bike, and cycles over the moors looking for ancient relics.

Take that princely duke, Windsor. Is Windsor today a happy man? I doubt it. He is energetic, and has brains. He gets up at seven-thirty every morning and works till noon, then after lunch till 4.30 p.m.

Not yet accepted by the parochial world of the regal, Windsor remains lonely, unfulfilled. His wife would like to see him as British Ambassador to Washington. The chances are very slender.

The Duke of Westminster used to be particularly fond of travel and entertainment. Today he lives quietly at home in London with the pretty wife he married nine months ago. He's had three previous wives, and each now has a settlement of £39,000 a year.

Before the war Westminster behaved in the proper ducal manner. My grandfather would have approved the way Westminster looked out of his window early one summer morning and saw Algernon Newton, the artist, painting in the street. A taxi rank obscured Newton's view. "Want those taxis cleared away?" roared the duke. Newton nodded. The taxi rank disappeared. The duke had found it another site.

Today, in the same circumstances, I very much doubt whether taxi-drivers would shift their rank a distance of inches even for His Grace. The answer, sir, would be in the negative. Mr. Newton would

have had to find another site for his easel.

Roll the names on your tongue. Newcastle, Northumberland, Rutland and St. Albans. Somerset, Wellington, Grafton and Devonshire. All these dukes are in the same boat, tossing in the austerity sea, with a hostile Government and an unknown destination.

The network of silken living that once had its elegant threads in Switzerland, the Italian lakes, Florence and Biarritz is still there. But the threads are getting worn. My grandfather would approve the idea of an old-style ducal party leaving the country without tuppence in the pocket and arriving abroad to be entertained on local bank accounts.

Some do go away like this, to escape the cold, and the dull budget reports. Credit in parts of Europe is still unlimited to an authentic duke, in both cash and means. You lend me £2,000 on the Riviera this winter and I'll lend you £1,000 in London next summer. It's easy—and it happens.

But the cosmopolitan duke who takes his pleasures in the grand manner is liable to be looked at askance in official circles. Whoopee bills went out of fashion ten years ago.

Of course, they have sons, too. But the sons of English dukes cannot, today, walk into Government appointments. A place in the city offers none of the opportunities it used to. You could once get your son a job on the management side of one of the coal mines that honeycombed ducal estates, but it's more difficult today what with the Coal Board, and the unions suspiciously reading double meanings into every appointment.

A Fellow Called Tom

Every ducal story is of course a story of land. The magic chain of circumstance behind the dukedom of Westminster began in 1667, when a fellow called Tom Grosvenor married a Miss Davis. She was heiress to the marshy lands of Ebury Farm in Middlesex, with a rent roll of only four shillings a year. Today when you get out of the train at Victoria you stand where once rested Ebury Farm's cowshed. The old farm included what we now call Belgrave Square, Eaton Square, Grosvenor Square, and all the fashionable streets of Mayfair plus five thousand houses in Pimlico. Total value, twenty million.

Norfolk was another one whose ancestors found Klondyke in England's green and pleasant land. In 1815 they had estates in the Sheffield area, 20,000 acres. Rent then was £18,000. As Sheffield

grew so did the House of Norfolk. The head of the house did little but appoint rent collectors and sign building leases. Today Norfolk is losing his land piece by piece. Arundel Castle, where he lives, may have 150 rooms, great baronial halls, and a 1,250-acre park. His family plate may still weigh a ton and be worth £100,000, but he is as helpless with it all as a child who suddenly inherited the Taj Mahal.

Guide Book Attraction

His great castle still makes a pretty page in an American guide book. But that is all. Even the public is no longer suitably awed. A tourist accosted him one day when he was walking across his lawn. "Can't you read?" asked the tourist. "That notice says Keep Off the Grass. It's fellows like you who get the public turned out of places like this."

Norfolk admits the future is gloomy. A racing man, he wouldn't take twenty to one on the future prosperity or preservation of the dukes. He says that within three generations, at the present rate, Britain's estates will be split up or returned to the State. "It's only a question of how greedy the Government is before it gets the lot."

When some years ago he had to sell the whole town of Littlehampton because he could no longer afford to run it he was forced to remark that no one disliked parting with inherited possessions more than he did. And he quickly added: "If any man came and asked me to sell one square inch of the Sussex Downs he would get quickly into the train—if he were able to sit down at all—to take him back to London. I would not sell anything like that."

I doubt whether Norfolk will ever be able to sell the Sussex Downs, even if he wished. The Sussex Downs belong to the people of England. As boys you and I walked over the Downs of Sussex, romped in the smiling fields of Bedfordshire, chased through the woods of Sutherland. Always behind us stood the threat of the keeper with his gun, the man at the lodge gates with his stick. Sometimes the riding crop whistled down where it hurt.

But today the silent revolution of a changing England, that began in the days before the war, is flooding to a tide.

The dukes are marooned in the homes their grandfathers picked to live in. No profession has its doors wide open to them. Perpetual victims of the class rule they once created, they cannot rise. Yes, it's a gloomy future for the dukes.

Continued from page 8

happened to see the notice on your gate. I am expecting to be in the neighbourhood for a few days, on business, and I wondered if you have any vacancies."

Nervously, the woman lowered her eyes and swung herself to and fro like a schoolgirl. "If you'll come in a minute, I'll ask mother."

Thanking her, he went into the gloomy hall and waited while she called to the upper regions. She turned back with a shy smile. "She'll be down in a minute."

An older woman, evidently the mother, came heavily down the stairs. "You were looking for accommodation?" she asked in an affected voice.

He turned on the smile again. "Yes, and your house looked so quiet and restful, I couldn't resist coming in to inquire. But I suppose you are always full up."

"Oh, no," she said hurriedly. "I have only three other guests, all elderly people. Would you care to see the room?"

"If I may." He followed her up the stairs and along a corridor. The daughter remained below, but he could feel her eyes following him.

The room was surprisingly spacious, furnished in a heavy but not uncomfortable style. It suited him admirably, and he took it for one week at the price asked, paying her out of the money which Rudolf had given him.

When she had gone, he unpacked his few belongings and put them away. Then he locked the door and opened the brief case.

OUT came the cloth-wrapped bundle. Eagerly he threw off the coverings, then picked the gun up and balanced it in his hand. The heavy butt fitted snugly into his palm. It made him feel excited and powerful. From the case he took the short walnut stock which Mausers used to make for their machine pistols, so that they might be used as precision weapons.

He fitted the whole thing together, lifting it to his shoulder and sighting at a hideous ornament on the mantelpiece. He laid it on his knees and ran his fingers along the polished wood and fine steel, caressing it. Almost regretfully, he took it to pieces again and stored it away carefully in the brief case.

After tidying his clothes and brushing his hair, he tucked the brief case under his arm and went downstairs. In the hall, he met Mrs. Morley, the landlady, again. "Just going out to find my first customer, Mrs. Morley," he said.

"Oh, just before you go, I wonder if you would mind signing your name and address in the book. Silly, I know, now the war's over, but the police insist."

"But of course." He put his name and address as given on the identity card in the book she brought out of a drawer.

He found his way to the town hall and walked round it several times, studying the situation. Rudolf's advice had been that the best time to act was when the big man was arriving. Then all attention would be on him, and it would be comparatively easy to fire the shot and get away before the crowd realized what had happened. Then straight to London to a house in a quiet suburb for fresh instructions.

There were three positions which seemed favourable. Later on in the week, when more had been learnt of the arrangements for the reception, would be time enough to decide which one was best.

When he got back to lunch, the other three occupants of the house were in the drawing room, waiting with barely concealed impatience for the summons to their meal. Mrs. Morley made a point of introducing the new guest. There were two dim old ladies, the Misses Clavering, and an elderly man, who was announced proudly as Major-General Benton.

At this last exhibit, the stranger gazed in mild wonderment. He knew the English habit of giving high military rank

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Take People As You Find Them

EITHER you believe people are all right, or you believe they are all wrong. Let me say at once that, having thrown down this challenge, I am quite prepared to meet it.

My own belief is that people are all right, always provided you are prepared to take them for what they are and do not insist on making them fit into your own scheme of things.

The longer I live, the more convinced I become that all the trouble in the world is caused by some people wanting to dominate other people. We all do it. We do it in our homes, in our work, in national and in international life. Co-operation, a real willingness to live

and work with others: these are still a far-off dream.

It would be a much happier world if we all went around saying to ourselves: "Now what can I do to help the other fellow?" instead of eyeing everyone we meet with the unspoken queries: "What can you do to help me? What are you worth so far as I'm concerned?"

Let me leave you some words of Robert Louis Stevenson to ponder:

"To be honest, to be kind . . . to make a family happier for his presence . . . to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation. . . . Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

to men of birth but no capacity; surely nobody in their senses could have made this old comedian a general. Unhealthy bags under his eyes made him look like a dyspeptic bloodhound. His white moustache was a drooping, shapeless wisp, and he spoke in a high-pitched voice with the affectations of the military caste.

"How-de-do?" he bleated. "See from the book you live in Carossa Street. Know it well—used to live just round the corner myself. How's the old place looking?"

"Much as ever, sir. Still showing French films at that little cinema on the corner." He felt proud of this, happening to have read of it in an English newspaper at home when he was preparing himself for his task.

"Really? Often used to go there in the afternoon when it was too wet for a walk."

This was easy. "Old Mawson's butcher's shop isn't the same, though."

"No, I suppose not."

He laughed. "No, indeed. He doesn't sell much of his best rump steak these days."

The old man looked at him expressionlessly. Perhaps rationing was a sore point with him. All right, you old fool, he thought, I'll change the subject. If you only knew what it was like really to be hungry, to see your sister and your parents starve.

MRS. MORLEY came in and announced that lunch was ready. They all went into the dining room and sat down. To his surprise, the food, although plain, was well cooked and served. Although it was no part of his work to make himself comfortable, the Leader had not forbidden him to do so.

There was a general babble of conversation. The general, his pique apparently forgotten in the pleasures of the table, asked more questions about Carossa Street and the neighbourhood, all of which he was glad to answer—it strengthened his background.

When the general asked casually how recently he had been there, he told him that he had come down by train the day before. It would not do for anyone to think that he had arrived on foot from the country outside the town. The policeman had been pushed well out of sight in a ditch, but he would inevitably be found as soon as a proper search was organized.

In the three days remaining he perfected his plans. As the Leader had pointed out, it was not essential that he should escape afterwards, although, naturally, it would be better so. Therefore, he looked for a place which would give a certain shot and also as much chance as possible for escape in the subsequent confusion.

He became friendly with one of the

by ROFFE THOMPSON

back to the guest house, and sat down to the cup of tea and home-made biscuits which Mrs. Morley provided at five o'clock. The two old ladies were there, but the general was missing. Presumably he had taken a longer walk than usual, his fat old spaniel waddling at his heels.

His tea finished, he walked upstairs to his bedroom, carrying the evening newspaper, intending to sit quietly until dinner time. Full of happiness to think that the Leader's plans would soon mature, he was singing softly to himself as he opened the door. Then he stopped short.

The general was sitting on the bed. The brief case lay open beside him, and he was just fitting the stock on to the Mauser.

A quick glance showed him the magazine lying on the bed, and the power of motion came back to him as he realized the gun was harmless. His face went into a stiff smile as his hand found the knife in his pocket. He advanced into the room. Then, as he closed the door, a man stepped from behind it. Before he could turn, his loose tweed jacket was pulled down over his shoulders and arms.

He struggled wildly, like an animal, to free himself, but before he could do so his hands were handcuffed behind his back. He glared furiously at the man who had captured him in this cowardly manner, taking him from behind. A big calm man in a blue suit, evidently from the secret police. The general watched with detached interest.

The plain-clothes policeman searched him, and when he found the knife he whistled softly and nodded to the old man. Wrapping the weapon carefully in a handkerchief, he placed it in a leather case. He took his prisoner, now sunk in apathy, although his mouth occasionally twitched in a horrible way, down to a waiting car.

IN a dingy office in the police station he was charged with the murder of the policeman three days before. As ordered by the Leader in case of the plan miscarrying, he refused to say anything. After taking his tie and shoelaces, they locked him in a cell.

In another office in the same building, Major-General Benton, late Director of Military Intelligence, was talking to his friend, the chief constable.

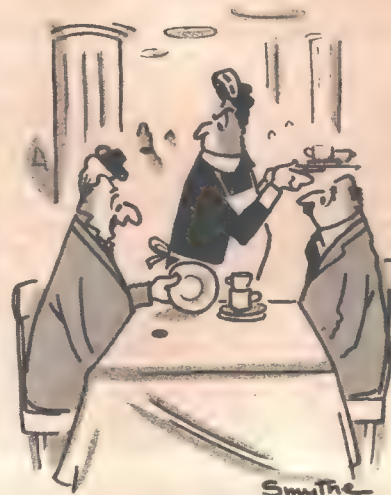
" . . . knew at once there was something wrong about the damned feller . . . stank of scent and grinned like a hyena at the women. Tried to talk to me about a butcher's shop which was bombed flat in 1940, told me he'd been there the day before. I watched him quite a bit when he went into the town. He didn't do any business, just hung about the town hall all day. When I heard about that chap of yours being killed and stuck in a ditch, I took a chance and looked at his things. The half-wit had left his gun in that case, not even locked. Mad, I suppose. . . ."

★ ★ ★

Stubbornly, he kept his mouth shut, then and later, at the trial. On the knife were traces of blood, human and of the same group as that of the dead man. There was no hope for him after that. He sat in moody desperation in his cell while a doctor plagued him with unending and apparently pointless questions. At the end, after hearing the doctor's evidence, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty but insane.

He asked the gaoler the meaning of detention during His Majesty's pleasure, and was told that he would be taken to a big house in the country and kept there. This was bad. But then, he thought, the Leader will not forget me. Later, when the British are brought to their knees, they will release me and plead for mercy.

The fools!



"Lucky me—always finding sixpences!"



Jean Kent

agrees

**"No other shampoo
leaves your hair
so glamorous
yet so easy to manage"**

Glamorous Always in the public eye, always admired wherever she goes, the modern film-star must take care to look glamorous *all the time*. "I know how important it is to have sparkling, attractive hair," says Jean Kent, "that's why I use Drene Shampoo. It brings out such lovely highlights in my hair." And after your very first shampoo with Drene, you'll be delighted with the hidden beauty you have discovered in *your* hair. Drene is also quick and simple to use, and is absolutely safe, because it cannot harm the hair or scalp. Remember, Drene is most economical — goes twice as far.

Fascinating

Many mannequins are also film extras. Like the stars, they've learned the value of keeping their hair lovely. "My hair must be free from dandruff if it is to look its best," says this fascinating model, "that's why I always use Drene." You'll find, too, that Drene leaves your hair *looking* and *feeling* clean. ★



Captivating

Like the film-stars, cover-girls always keep one eye on glamour. "I have to change my hair styles a lot" says this captivating model, "and Drene is a great help to me, because it makes my hair so manageable." That's because Drene Shampoo leaves your hair so easy to set. ★



Drene



The Shampoo of the Stars



FREE SPEECH

In this week's letters . . . a male queuer protests; a reader asks about foreign travel money; a magistrate looks back

AS ONE OF THOSE unfortunate men who live alone and have to do their own shopping, I am constantly confronted with examples of the selfish behaviour of many women shoppers.

I refer to the practice of engaging the shopkeeper in idle, inconsequential chatter for protracted sessions. These women ignore the fact that many other shoppers have not the same unlimited time to waste as themselves. Many, like myself, are workers in a hurry.

Shopkeepers, too, are to blame, for encouraging these counter chatterboxes. —F. JENNINGS, 29 Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.

Trip that Didn't Come Off

DURING THE SUMMER I paid over £9 to the World Friendship Association, hoping to travel to Holland in August.

When the travel ban came into force, I expected to receive my money back, but when no word came I made a claim and filled in two forms.

I have had no reply from the association, and am now wondering how the many other thousands of people who subscribed to this venture have fared. —B. F. BROWN, 17 Lyndhurst Avenue, Twickenham, Middlesex.

World Friendship Association states: "After four months of hard work tidying the muddle in accounts, we are gradually seeing daylight, and hope to pay back subscribers in whole or part at the end of January. The Executive Committee meets this week or next and a decision will be taken then."—Editor.

Barrow Boys Give Service

DEFYING THE FASHION of speaking slightly of "barrow boys," I should like to pay tribute to the invaluable services they have rendered the public during the past few years.

I have bought many pounds of fine fruit from street traders which I should certainly have been unable to afford at the prices charged by many shopkeepers. And I believe that the competition of

street traders has done more than anything else to keep prices reasonable.

I write as a member of the large army of "black-coated workers" whose salaries have not risen with prices.

As from one despised class to another, I salute you, "barrow boys"! And I hope you won't be "directed." —R. P. JAGUES, 52 Warbeck Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

China Doll?

FOUR YEARS AGO my wife and I were given a large pincushion in the form of a crinoline doll. Recently the dress was washed and the cushion placed on a shelf. Accidentally, it was knocked over, and the contents spilled over the floor.

We both stared, unable to believe our eyes. That Sunday we had our first rice pudding for years! Yes, the cushion was filled with rice, only a very thin top layer being lavender. —JAMES LLOYD, 22 Beech Road, Sale Moor, Sale, Cheshire.

Grandfather's Watch

WHEN GRANDPA DIED in 1930, he left behind an old silver English lever watch. Scorning to wear it, my brothers and I gave it to our lodger. Since then we have had between us at least a dozen rather expensive wristlet watches, none of which functions today.

Now, if we want to know the time, we ask the lodger. —R. ELSWORTH, Evy Cottage, near Wimborne, Dorset.

Lenient Old Days

WHEN I WAS APPOINTED a magistrate thirty years ago, the president of my rota gave me some useful and valuable advice. "We, the Justices," he said, "should always see that the defendant has a fair hearing and a reasonable chance of receiving justice."

It was the fashion then, as now, to think that people in bygone days exercised harsher judgment, yet it seems to me that treatment of offenders is growing harsher as the years go by. —MAGISTRATE, Grantham. (Full name and address enclosed.)

JOHN BULL QUIZ

GETTING IT RIGHT

(1) Is it *For Whom the Bells Toll* or *For Whom the Bell Tolls*? (2) Do you spell it *accommodation*, *accommodation*, *accommodation* or *acomodation*? (3) Is it H. G. Wells or H. G. Welles; Orson Wells or Orson Welles? (4) Does T.U.C. stand for Trade Union Congress, Trades Union Congress or Trades Unions Congress.

EUROPE TODAY

(1) Which former prime minister recently escaped from his own country and came to England? (2) Is Paul Ramadier, until lately French Premier, a supporter of the Communists, of General de Gaulle, or of neither? (3) What is meant by *Bizonia*, and what by *Trizonia*? (4) With which country has

Britain recently signed an agreement for the import of coarse grains?

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

(1) What does *Brer* mean in the stories about *Brer Rabbit*, *Brer Fox*, etc., and who tells the stories? (2) Which authors created William; Peter Rabbit; Peter Pan? (3) Is Winnie the Pooh a boy, a girl, a bear or a monkey? (4) Which book features Toad of Toad Hall?

NEWSPAPERS

(1) How much does a copy of *The Times* cost? (2) Can a newspaper be sued for slander? (3) Who is Randolph Hearst? (4) With which three dailies are the London evening papers, *Evening News*, *Evening Standard*, *Star*, associated?

(Answers on page 16)



The man in the queue: Reader F. Jennings who writes to say women chatter too much

P.S. On Liberals, Nationality after Marriage, Childhood

FRANK MOTTAM, in his article "Why Liberals Always Lose" (JOHN BULL, December 27) declares that everyone now has liberal ideas. This is not so. Socialism is not a liberal idea, and neither is Conservatism. It follows that we still have no major political party devoted to the principle of making liberalism practicable — except the Liberal Party.

May I add that I am not one of those Liberal dreamers still living in the palmy days of 1906. I have never lived under a Liberal Government; I am twenty-four years of age. —JOHN R. STEAD, 151A, High Street, Slough, Bucks.

Marrying a German

I WAS GLAD TO READ in your article "Outcasts — by Marriage" that women's associations are campaigning for reform in our nationality laws. I am very much in love with a German p.o.w., and want to marry him. But I am torn between my love for him and my pride in being British.

I hope the Government will act soon. —Miss H. S., Notts. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Young Parents, Young Spirit

MRS. A. T. SMITH of Liverpool says older people make best parents (JOHN BULL, December 27). I disagree. I was twenty-one and my husband twenty-five when our son was born. We are both children of older parents. But as children we lacked the understanding and young spirit which they could not give.

Our own childhood being not too far back, I am sure that, as we watch our son grow up, we shall be able to be much more to him than our parents ever could have been to us. —M. H., Manchester. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Best Friend is Your Mother

DECISIVE FACTORS in my own childhood were thrown into relief by Donald Jordan's article, "Children Aren't Born Bad" (JOHN BULL, December 27).

My mother died when I was eleven.

In my aunt's household, where I lived for a year, I found no substitute for mother love, and my young cousins made me feel an interloper. Now, at thirty-two, I still bear the effects of that year of unspeakable misery. It has made me unsociable — though not anti-social — and a misogynist.

Children, however, are my delight, and it is to their happiness that my future career as a teacher is dedicated. —H. G., Chingford, Essex. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Scholarship Needn't be Expensive

YOUR CORRESPONDENT J. P. of London, who wrote the letter headed "Scholarship is Expensive" (JOHN BULL, December 27) is surely under some misapprehension. Clever boys can work their way to university without expense.

My own son won a scholarship to a secondary school, where he matriculated, and eventually won his way to London University, where he has attained a B.Sc. honours degree. We are just ordinary working-class people and he has not cost us even a half-penny. University and examination fees, plus a very liberal living allowance, were provided. —BUCKS MOTHER. (Full name and address enclosed.)

About T.B. Cows

I SHOULD LIKE TO CORRECT the impression of your correspondent, Mr. J. A. Forbes, regarding milk from tubercular cows (JOHN BULL, December 27).

All farmers are under legal obligation to report immediately to the authorities any signs of tuberculosis in their cows. If certain pathological conditions (including the giving of tuberculous milk) are observed by the inspecting veterinary officer of the Ministry of Agriculture, he will order the beast to be slaughtered.

Farmers are compensated for slaughtered animals according to the extent of the disease — the least amount being paid for beasts in more advanced stages. The effect of this is to induce farmers to notify suspected tuberculosis at an early date. —FOOD INSPECTOR, Bolton, Lancs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean the Editor has overlooked them. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry full name and address of sender (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication).

The straight left technique doesn't make up for the scarcity in Britain of tough, aggressive, versatile heavyweights. We've got to find and train a new school of...

WILD-CAT BRUISERS

by ALAN HOBY

WHEN BRUCE WOODCOCK took that hideous hiding from Joe Baksi at Harringay last year, he joined a long line of British white hopes who had crashed to disaster in their attempts to win the heavyweight championship of the world.

Not since 1897—more than fifty years ago—when Bob Fitzsimmons beat Gentleman Jim Corbett at Carson City, Nevada, has a Briton been top of the most destructive and glamorous division in boxing. And, frankly, it looks as if we shall have to wait another fifty years before breeding another Fitzsimmons—or even another Farr.

It is a pathetic and humiliating story, the way our heavyweights have been smashed and pulped through five decades, usually by Americans. Look at the list: "Phil Scott (Phil was beaten in three rounds by Jack Sharkey in Miami and later crushed in less than six minutes by Young Stribling in London); Joe Beckett (Joe was twice flattened by a Frenchman—handsome Georges Carpentier—once in seventy-three seconds); Leonard Harvey (Len, that cucumber-cool scientist of defence, fared unhappily at the hands of the Americans); and Tommy Farr (Tommy went the whole fifteen rounds with Joe Louis in 1937, but lost all four of his battles in American rings).

In half a century we could only produce a handful of big men who could be considered respectable candidates for the world heavyweight title. What is wrong with us? Won't we ever unearth a man in this country big enough and savage enough—yes, I said *savage*—to welt the marrow out of these aggressive, super-confident Yanks?

Woodcock's Rise and Fall

Woodcock had been boosted as the greatest of all the white hopes. He had the icy brain of a Tommy Farr welded to something Farr never had—a destroying punch. He had the lullaby left of a "Bombardier" Billy Wells—but was far more solid than that quicksilver champion. He was as quick to the kill as Jack Petersen and, moreover, had the weight to back it up. And when he stopped Gus Lesnevich, light-heavyweight champion of the world, on a memorable night at Harringay, it really looked as if here, at last, was the man to clean up the heavy division for Britain.

Today Woodcock is in almost complete eclipse. Ever since Baksi smashed his jaw the champion has been in and out of hospital. He has lain for long hours in a dark room. Rumours about his future fly around like homing pigeons. "He will soon be back in the ring again. Then you'll see a better and fitter Woodcock. . . ." "He'll never fight again. He's finished. Baksi broke more than his jaw that night. . . ." and so on. Yet the mystery of Bruce Woodcock still remains unsolved.

Father of the Straight Left

In my view, to find the fundamental reason why Woodcock failed—why all our heavyweights, with the exception of Tommy Farr, who had no punch, failed—you must go back into the misty past, to the fabulous days of Jem Mace. Mace was the blunt, eleven-stone Norfolk man who, in 1870, won the first championship of the world. Mace took up scrapping when a drunken fisherman smashed his fiddle, and Mace was the real inventor of that intrinsic feature of British boxing—the straight left.

To him, this was the whole alphabet of fighting. "The right hand," he once said, "should be used once in a fight—to finish it." And so the gospel according to Jem Mace went out to every gaslit room or saloon where fighters foregathered, to every gymnasium and training field where champions sparred or limbered up for the contests. The



Back in 1937, Tommy Farr lost to Joe Louis on points. True, Farr had no punch. Other British heavyweights have—yet still lose

straight left—that was the rich legacy which Mace bequeathed to British boxing. But what was once a weapon of accumulative, deadly offence has now become an outmoded fetish with our men. Today, "the old trombone punch," as the Americans dub it, is overrated.

It's still important, of course, but defensive genius, boxing skill and playing the waiting game are not enough. A new race of all-out, high-pressure hookers and hitters has risen. Brash, bustling, tearaway fighters who carry the battle to their man with great ferocity, who move and hit with clawing fury: Dempsey, Joe Louis, Max Baer—even Baksi, considered a second-rater in the United States.

I have talked this through with promoters, champions and trainers, and I am convinced that the basic factor behind our abject record of defeats in the heavyweight boxing field is the fact that modern British heavies, although many of them have all the courage in the world, are walking anachronisms who pin their faith to a creed which the predominant Americans scorn.

One famous manager laughed at me. "Rubbish," he said. "In the United States there are something like 147 million people. Compare that figure with our population. We can't possibly hope to compete with them. Besides, we don't breed 'em big over

here. Nearly all our best champions weren't real heavyweights at all. Tom Sayers, Mace himself, were both eleven-stone fighters. Fitzsimmons—although we can't take much credit for his championship; he learnt his trade in New Zealand and Australia—weighed only 11 st. 4 lb. Coming down to more modern times, Petersen, our most aggressive big man, was too light. So was Freddie Mills, a real fury at his best."

Very convincing. Until you dig deeper. Until you look around and note that there are still plenty of big, tough men left in the British Isles. In the Guards regiments. In the London and Edinburgh police. At the Liverpool or Clyde docksides. . . . The excuse that we don't rear big men is the phoneyest alibi of all. Why, then, don't they take up boxing as a career? The explanation of one ex-champion is: "The punishment given and taken in the dreadnought division is so severe that most men refuse to undergo it. They say the game is simply not worth the candle."

This is an even more stupid excuse than the fable that the male population of Britain is chiefly composed of midgets. No, apart from the fact that the majority of our fighters are *defensive-minded*, British boxing suffers from an even worse ailment. This is the almost total lack of decent facilities for training.

Disgraceful Training Centres

How many gymnasiums in London, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow can be called top-class? How many of our antiquated, dirty, stuffy, badly-lighted, so-called physical culture centres can even begin to compare with the foreign article?

I have been to hovels which are a downright disgrace, and an acid commentary on our slovenly, slapdash methods over here: I have sat in a cellar—a place where world champions have trained—where you got the minimum of fresh air, the minimum of sunshine, the worst of company and the maximum of filth. I have seen similar sordid centres in nearly all our big cities.

Compare these with the sumptuously appointed, fully-equipped gymnasias and the beautiful open-air training camps of America. Nothing is too good for their fighters. Here, too often, nothing is too bad.

American managers, although certainly no more soft-hearted than their British counterparts, recognize that a fighter is a complex human machine, not a meal ticket to be slugged into slap-happy oblivion so that they can cash-in on their percentage. And that, believe me, is what too frequently happens over here. Wrong methods. Wrong outlook. And—in many cases—the wrong type of manager. Again, as our ex-featherweight champion, Nel Tarleton, said to me recently: "We don't pay our trainers enough. Often these men—the backbone of boxing—are disgracefully treated. For, remember, half the fight is fought in the boxer's corner."

Tough, Skilled—and Angry

So there are a few of our troubles. There are some of the reasons why we don't breed a world heavyweight champion, and why our white hopes, one after the other, fail and flounder. And if you look at the life stories of the Dempseys, the Tunneys, the Jack Johnsons and the Joe Louises, you'll find that these men couldn't, in the long run, afford to be flops. They had to get on or get out.

Yes, you've got to be tough and you've got to be good to be heavyweight champion. Above all—and this is what our white hopes should make their first commandment—you've got to go into that ring and smash into the other man with all the pent-up rage of a caged tiger. The "straight left" gospel is as dead as Jem Mace himself.

WITH MY FEET UP



by IAN FOX

As You Were

LIFE is going to move back a bit when the new scheme for reviving A.R.P. gets going. The ferns will have to come out of the tin hats and the stirrup pumps be rescued from the back of the shelter-tools.

Children aged three or four will wonder what it is all about. "Mummy, why is daddy dressed up funny?" they will ask. "Because he's a warden, darling," mummy will answer.

"What's a warden, mummy?" "When the next war comes, darling, daddy will be very brave and protect us from nasty bombs."

"I thought there wasn't going to be another war, mummy."

"There isn't, dear, but this is just in case there is."

The scheme to train everybody probably means that daddy will be down at the wardens' post one night a week or more if he can manage it. He will return home swaying slightly and smelling of incendiary bombs and alcohol.

We shall all be in it. We shall crawl on our stomachs through smoke-filled huts and be lowered out of windows by ropes.

No doubt there will be mock bomb "incidents." During these, people representing the wounded often get quite seriously injured before the rescuers have done with them.

Perhaps we shall be given teeny-weeny little atom bombs, which only devastate a few hundred square yards, to practise with.

In truth, when I think of training in A.R.P. only two years after the war, I get all the symptoms of gas poisoning by one of the arsenical smokes.*

* The victim "not only looks, but also feels, utterly miserable."—An A.R.P. pamphlet.

Answers to Quiz on Page 14

GETTING IT RIGHT. (1) For Whom the Bell Tolls. (2) Accommodation. (3) H. G. Wells; Orson Welles. (4) Trades Union Congress.

EUROPE TODAY. (1) Stanislaw Mikolajczyk (Poland). (2) Of neither. He is a Socialist. (3) The fused British and American zones of Germany; the same plus the French Zone, which may be added. (4) U.S.S.R.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS. (1) Brother; Uncle Remus. (2) Richmal Crompton; Beatrix Potter; J. M. Barrie. (3) A bear. (4) The Wind in the Willows.

NEWSPAPERS. (1) Threepence. (2) No, only for libel. (Slander is spoken defamation, libel written.) (3) Owner of a chain of American newspapers. (4) Evening News—Daily Mail; Evening Standard—Daily Express; Star—News Chronicle.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

FIT OF THE JITTERS

WATCHING A FRIEND of mine trying to brace himself up with a few drinks, the other dinner-time, in preparation for an important interview with his boss (which he hoped meant promotion) I found myself pitying him for his lack of courage.

But thinking it over afterwards, I saw I'd got no particular reason to feel superior. The only difference between us was that fear takes me in a different way.

When I've got a difficult or dangerous job ahead of me, I like to be cold sober. Not because I'm more strong-minded than the chap who needs a "buccer," but because I feel I need all my wits about me. I can't bear the thought of alcohol fuddling a single one of them.

Helps Me to Relax

I want the drink afterwards—when the job's finished, the danger passed. A few drinks, then, help me to relax, to ease off the tension. The beauty of alcohol, to my mind, is that it soothes away the nervous excitement afterwards. It helps you to turn off the tap.

Still, I suppose that's only a personal view. Most people seem to think of alcohol as a stimulant—giving them extra energy, extra courage. For my part, I find that my own fear of failure, or fear of danger, gives me all the stimulus I need.

I used to believe I could have accomplished far more in life if I'd been born braver. Now I'm not so sure.

Fear may hold me back at the beginning of an enterprise—but, once I've actually started, I find that the enormous amount of will power I've had to summon up to overcome the fear helps me to achieve a greater success than if I'd gone into the affair light-heartedly, without any fear.

Hero in a Cold Sweat

The drawback, when you're born fearful, is that every step forward you try to take means such a lot of wear and tear on the nerves. The lucky man is undoubtedly the man who is born brave—the man who, as they say, "doesn't know what fear is."

But I sometimes wonder if there is such a man. I don't think I've ever met one. If fear doesn't catch you one way, it seems to catch you

As a man with at least his fair share of fears, I've tried a good many remedies but have only found one that was at all satisfactory

another. The hero who's earned a row of medals is apt to come out in a cold sweat if you ask him to make a speech. The man who will boldly face a thousand critical audiences may want to run like the wind at a threat of physical danger.

Of course, imagination plays a big part in all this. The less imagination a man's got the less he realizes what there is to be frightened of. So he seems a lot braver, to the casual eye, than the imaginative man.

But when it comes to the test, I think the imaginative man is likely to be the more reliable. He's gone through so much in his imagination beforehand that the reality, however awful, is seldom quite so bad as he feared it was going to be. So he finds he can cope with it. Whereas the unimaginative man is apt to be so shocked by the unexpected horror that he loses his nerve.

When War Broke Out

We've nearly all had plenty of opportunity for testing our courage, these last few years. I was saved from the worry of testing mine because I'd long ago realized that I hadn't got any. The problem, as I saw it (before the last war began) was how to go on living at all tolerably without courage.

I had often talked about it with a friend who felt he was similarly afflicted. We'd decided the only sensible thing for men like us to do, if another war broke out, was to commit suicide. Only we hadn't got the courage to do that—and we knew we hadn't.

When the war did break out, neither of us was considered physically fit for military service. Which was comforting in one way, and yet not so comforting in another.

We had jobs which took us into danger, yet often left us free to decide whether we should go into that danger or remain in comparative safety.

In the middle of the first London blitz, my friend joined the A.F.S. This staggered me. I couldn't think

where he'd found the courage. When I got a chance to talk with him about it, he said it wasn't courage. It was simply that he felt it was much easier to know that duty compelled him to go right into the worst of danger than to have to keep making up his mind every time whether he ought to go into danger at all.

Well, that was one way of tackling it—though not a way that I fancied. However agonizing it may be to have to keep making one's own decisions, I still prefer it to letting anyone else decide for me. If I'd been conscripted, I should have tried to go with a good heart, but I should probably have made a very bad soldier.

Not Cut Out for It

I'm a bad subordinate of any kind. I always want to think out every last little thing for myself. I'm told the Services soon cure you of that, but I doubt if they could ever have cured me—or not unless I'd been introduced to the commanding officer before joining, and convinced myself he was a man I could trust.

Obviously, I was not cut out for winning wars. So it's just as well the doctors rejected me in both. But I think my type of mind is fairly useful in peacetime.

All the same, though you can get by in peacetime with a lot less physical courage than you need in war, I don't think you can lead any kind of worthwhile life without constantly having to overcome fears of one kind or another.

As a man with at least his fair share of fears, I've tried a good many remedies in my time, but I've only found one that was at all satisfactory. That is to decide on the relative importance of my objective and myself.

Saving My Energy

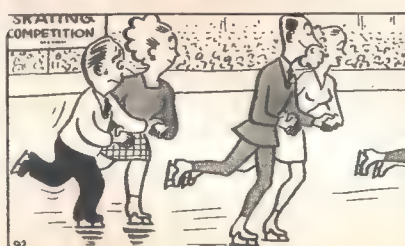
If, after weighing up the situation, I feel my objective is more important than myself, I find I can face up to almost anything to achieve it. But if I feel the objective isn't worth any great sacrifice, I prefer to save my nervous energy.

I can never keep on a dangerous course, nowadays, simply out of bravado, or because of what other people may think of me.

But whether that shows I'm getting wiser, or merely that I'm getting older, I really don't know.

by TIM

OH, JOHNNY!



Preece had a weakness for gadgets. Some of them worked, some didn't. And, unfortunately for the bride and groom, this one didn't

PREECE HAD THE JOB of caretaker of Pras Village Hall because he was such a handy man. Could turn his hand to anything. Repairing the electric lights, and there had never been such heat in the village hall since the day that Preece had taken charge of the central heating.

And Preece took a pride in the village hall. A kind of housewife, as it were, like a woman with her polishing and sweeping.

A pleasant, happy man was Preece. Always willing to help at the dances and never grumbling at all the mess to clear the morning after.

All would have been well if Preece had kept to the strict nature of his job; the window cleaning and the stoking, the sweeping and the polishing of the brass switches at the back of the stage. But the trouble started when he began to introduce the ideas. Things meant to help, no doubt, to add to the amenities of the hall, the comfort of the villagers. All done with good intentions.

Such as the time when, without the approval of the committee, he had installed the electric fan at the back of the stage. A good idea but all ending sadly, for this fan had been fixed too far in the window. And at the annual flower show, it had done dreadful destruction. The vicar's wife had been taking off her coat before going forward to make a speech, and swinging her coat off, the one sleeve had caught in this whirling fan which Preece had set up to cool the hall.

The result had been dreadful. In a second the coat had been whipped off her and most of it sucked into the fan. Then the rest of it had flopped around. Then they had shut the thing off quickly and had got out the coat, all except, that is, the sleeve itself, which had come away from the whole and had draped itself tenderly around the main spindle of the fan; and there they had to leave it, the vicar's wife walking home from the show with her coat over her arm.

But Preece, though upset and worried, had not stopped with his gadgets.

Now it was the time of the frost. Like every good caretaker his central heating pipes the first and last thought each day. Preece watching them like some anxious mother at teething time; a little fire each night, the walk around next morning to see that the pipes were warm everywhere and that there were none of the drips.

Doubtless Preece would have preserved his pipes through any frost. For he was tender with his pipes, careful and tender; that alone would have been wonderful; the salvation of the hall.

But he was not content with that. He had to interfere. And that was how it all happened, the affair at Megan Top Stores' wedding.

Megan, a queer, good-time girl; all the years serving behind the counter in the stores and tickling the men's palms when giving the change. A woman of many loves was Megan, and the many times on the verge of getting married. But always the hitch and nothing coming of it.

So that now, when at thirty-five, she had tied down Ned the Porter with registrar's forms and public announcements in the paper, now that she was entering matrimony, she intended making a mighty splash of it. Yards of haberdashery, ringing of bells in the



Wringing the water from her wonderful wedding dress, Megan started to swear. Then she saw Ned

PREECE AND HIS DUTY

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

church, though she was marrying in Top Chapel, red carpets and three taxis from market town. And attendants and a whole hothouseful of flowers.

And the reception in the village hall. Guests from far and near. All the registered customers of the stores and all the off-duty staff of the railway.

So that now the village hall was full. Long tables down each side and one joining them at the ends. And on this the wonderful wedding cake. Three mighty tiers with joy bells and little roses and on the very top a little railway engine and a cash-till, all done in pink icing for recognition of Ned on the railway and Megan in the Top Stores.

And before the cake sat Megan in all her whiteness. And Ned in the hired suit. He'd had to send his measurements away and then he'd had this morning suit. Fitting him like a T but a little long in the leg where the

tape must have slipped a bit. But with this suit a form to remind him that it was not *his* suit indeed. And that for all damage and loss he was responsible.

The two behind the cake. Both sitting a little awkward. For wedding day is sure an uncomfortable time, let alone having to sit in strange clothes. The last of the guests coming in, rubbing their hands from the cold and wiping their noses.

At one end of the table Wil the School was doing the toasts. He'd got through the many and had reached the bridegroom's father, all going fine and smooth.

With the glass in the hand he'd called: "A toast now, boby, for the bridegroom's father."

There was a hush then. The stopping of the chatter-spreading from the top cross table and down the hall. For Ned had no father—known that is; this little

pause then, as if all the company were taking breath.

Poor Wil standing there, his thin, fleshless fingers holding the wine glass by its wide base. Realizing that something was wrong, but not certain of what.

In the hush he went on:

"Come now, a toast, as I ask, to the bridegroom's father."

But his was the only glass raised.

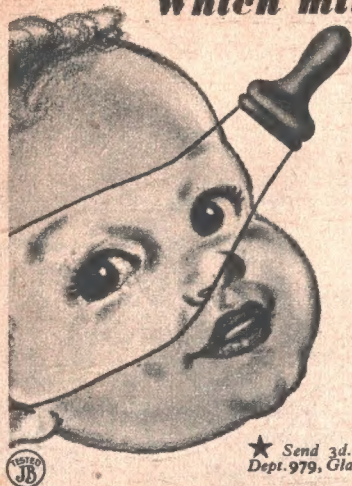
He was about to call again. The third time for this toast to the man who never existed, at least respectfully. Wil, one half-way through the words, his voice a little peevish now, and all the people filling the silence with little whispers.

"Come now, it is wrong to refuse the toastmaster. . . ."

Then it all happened, the start of it all, that is.

A jet of warm water baptism—right on the head. Suddenly as that. So that one moment he was calling for this toast

Which milk for baby?



Every mother hopes the problem will not arise. But if breast-feeding does fail, and a choice has to be made, then it is well to know about Ostermilk—how it contains just what a baby needs (including the right amounts of iron and vitamin D) to ensure steady growth, strong limbs and sound teeth; and how it keeps a baby contented right through to the end of bottle feeding.

OSTERMILK

NO. 1 FOR NEW BABIES
NO. 2 FOR 3-MONTH-OLDS AND AFTER

★ Send 3d. (in stamps) for Ostermilk Baby Book, Dept. 979, Glaxo Laboratories Ltd., Greenford, Middlesex. C7



When Mr. Therm turns coal into gas and coke the greatest amount of heat is extracted from it, and valuable by-products, such as tar and ammonia, are saved for making Dyes, Aspirin, M & B, Plastics, Perfumes, Nylons, and thousands of other useful things

*For water heating
-GAS makes the
most of coal*

BRITISH GAS COUNCIL • 1 GROSVENOR PLACE • LONDON SW1

FOR BETTER EATING ALL ROUND



Watch for this symbol when you go to your Grocer's. Behind it lies the knowledge and experience gained during a hundred years in the preparation of choice canned foods. It is your guarantee of getting tender, succulent garden vegetables; dewy fresh fruits; delicious soups and full-flavoured meats.



NEWFORCE LIMITED • BELFAST • ULSTER



*Smooth and mellow,
rich and reviving,
a superlative drink to
round off your day,
and leave you
feeling
restored!*

MACKESON'S STOUT

sets you up wonderfully

and the next he was sitting in his chair, the steam all rising from him, the water pouring over him.

Quite a gentle stream of water it was. Gentle in size but squirting with much menace.

Then, before anyone could do anything, it stopped. Just a few last drops falling noisily on Wil's bald head.

They all looked towards the roof, Ned putting one arm as a protection around Megan. Up there was a little rubber tube dangling. The one end fastened to one of the hot water pipes, the other broken loose and dangling there, a little steam rising from it.

Anxiously they all watched it. But no more water was forthcoming and it was the loud sneeze from Wil that next caused attention.

Quickly they fetched an overcoat and bundled him away, a little wet trail showing the way he had gone across the block floor. He was too dazed to ask or answer questions. And parts of him must have been scalded dreadfully, for steam came out of his collar at every breath and as he walked little puffs came out of his trousers buttons.

Quickly they got him away, poor Wil. Going through the door he came face to face with the registrar, coming in late after packing his books at the chapel. As registrar said afterwards, it fair frightened him to see Wil steaming like some Christmas pudding. And showing no recognition of the registrar, bosom pal for the many years.

A little upset, they all went back to the toasting, the registrar taking up where poor Wil had left off.

Ned by his bride and whispering to her, "Rum do that, Meg. Why, could have been—"

His wife shushed him then, for the time had come to cut the cake. A special cake and Meg's mother had said that they must cut the cake the very last thing so that the guests could have a good eyeful before a stomachful.

Megan cut the cake, Ned pressing down with her, but not being able to bring much pressure down for fear of bursting the seams of the hired jacket.

Then again it happened. Another jet from this tube on the roof.

It appears that Preece at that moment must have stoked up the boiler, produced more pressure. For, like some high-powered fireman's hosepipe, the water came squirting down from the little rubber pipe. And as if aimed by some cunning hand, hitting the top tier of the cake, so carefully laid aside, landing with a hiss right on the wonderful little till and beautiful little engine. So that in a few seconds there was a waterfall of pink icing and the very currants and fruit of the cake were being washed away.

Megan fainted then. Having stood the bells and the sight of Wil soaked to the skin.

A little "Oh" and she was gone. And perversely, like a woman, falling into the very stream of water.

Now if it had been the cold water she might have pulled around quickly. But this hot water seemed to soothe her and she lay there, with them all watching.

"Save her," called Ned. "Save my wife." It was the registrar who answered for all the people.

"Why Ned, your wife she is."

"But my suit, 'tis hired."

"Take it off, man. You have on the underclothes. I will send out the unmarried."

And the registrar sent out all the unmarried ones. He standing on a chair and they going, looking longingly back, hoping to see the end of this.

Still Megan lay there among the currants and the icing. The water pouring over her back and down her legs.

Quickly Ned stripped and gave his clothes to Megan's father, who took them away to the ante-room.

But as Ned reached out to his wife it all stopped. And this brought her around on the instant, so that she stood up, strong and sturdy. And started to swear, holding her wonderful white wedding dress above her knees and wringing out the water with her hands.

Then she saw Ned, standing there in his

long white underpants and the bulge of his shirt under them. She stopped swearing then, and dropped her sodden dress over her knees. "Why, Ned, 'tis not time yet. Put your clothes back on."

Megan's father went to fetch Ned's clothes. All the guests looked away from Ned now, some to the little dangerous tube in the ceiling. Others standing by the door and helping out all the young people.

Before Ned had dressed, Megan had gone home to change. And Ned followed after her, leaving all the rest of them to clear up.

When Ned and Megan had gone on their honeymoon, Megan's father investigated the whole thing.

It seems that Preece the Caretaker was indeed to blame for it all. He had cut away a few inches of one of the overhead water pipes and substituted a piece of rubber tubing. This was supposed to "give" and stop the pipe from bursting. But this had broken loose and the heating put on for the wedding; broken loose and the first victim had been poor Wil. And after him had come the second squirt.

Soon Wil recovered. None the worse for his ordeal, though he does say that he has had complete new skin on his back. Be that as it may, Preece the Caretaker was eventually the worst sufferer.

Not having the sack or anything. But merely a final stern warning from the hall committee. That he was to totally abstain from all interference in matters. But to do each day his duty. Nothing less and nothing more. No alterations, no additions. And that ultimatum to a man of Preece's ingenious mind was a sad, smashing blow.

For what was life if he had to do nothing outside the rules all the time?

The village missed it all, too. Life was much duller since Preece did only his duty.

But they all believe that Preece is up to something. Down there in his stokehold. Like some Guy Fawkes, perhaps, and waiting for only the time when his enemies, the committee, are gathered together. Then perhaps sending them all sky-high in one last goodbye to duty.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

How to Claim Refund on Insurance Stamps

WHAT happens when a man has been paying National Insurance contributions longer than he need have done? A widow writes:

"My husband went on working after he had reached the age of sixty-five and continued in his job until his death nine months later. During this period, his firm deducted the cost of his National Health and Unemployment stamps. Since the money need not have been paid, am I entitled to claim a refund?"

This reader can apply to her local Employment Exchange for an unemployment contributions refund form—they were, in this case, paid in error.

On it she can claim a refund of the money paid during the nine months after her husband reached the age of sixty-five. She should return the completed form to the Employment Exchange.

With regard to the refund of National Health Insurance and Pensions contributions, she should write to the Ministry of National Insurance, Blackpool. Whether she gets a refund on these depends on the period since her husband's death and the date on which the last stamped contribution card was sent to the Ministry or Approved Society.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.



**GET WHITES
WHITER
WITHOUT BLEACHING!**

No need to use harmful bleaches or harsh soaps to get your whites whiter than ever before. Oxydol's mountains of long-lasting lather ease dirt out safely. Its busy, pure and speedy suds contain *no bleach of any kind.*

**KEEP COLOURED
BRIGHTER!**

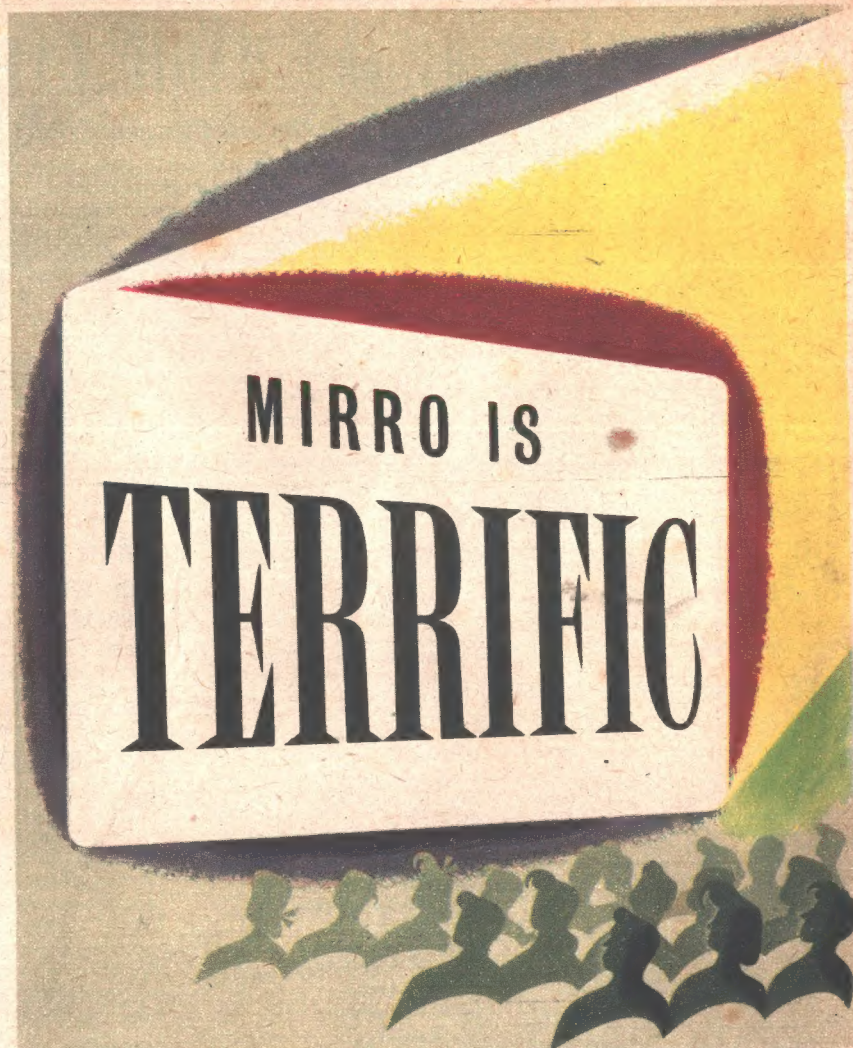


OXYDOL

ITS EXTRA LATHER DOES IT!



THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



Terrifically efficient — removes every trace of grease from your sink in ten seconds. Mirro makes sinks shine . . . pans gleam . . . faster . . . cleaner, because it is specially blended to dissolve dirty grease. And remember — Mirro can't scratch.

